

AUGUST No. 79

10c

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COMICS
PUBLICATION

AND

BLACKHAWK

THE
HUMAN
BOMB

DANGER

DANGER HIGH EXPLOSIVES



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Stamp Collector's Guide

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NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

Blackhawk

LIKE A GIANT TRIP-HAMMER THE INCREDIBLE MACHINE METHODICALLY BATTERED AND SHOOK CITIES TO TOTAL, HORRIBLE DESTRUCTION! THE FIENDISH GENERAL PANIC WAS DETERMINED TO BRING THE WORLD TO ITS KNEES AND FORCE THE BLACKHAWKS TO SURRENDER! AND THE FAMED FIGHTERS FOR FREEDOM WERE HELPLESS AGAINST THE DREADFUL ONSLAUGHT OF...

THE MONSTROUS DESTROYER DRILL



BLACKHAWK

THE INHABITANTS OF DULOIN IN SOUTHERN EUROPE PAUSE IN THEIR EVERYDAY ROUTINE AS A STRANGE, OMINOUS SOUND BOOMS THROUGH THE HEAVENS!

WHRRRRRRRR!



FRIGHTENING SECONDS LATER THE SOUND DOUBLES AND TRIPLES TO EAR PIERCING VELOCITY!

T-THAT NOISE... I CAN'T STAND IT!

EEEEEE!

WHRRRRRRRR!



SUDDENLY THE EARTH QUIVERS FROM A GREAT IMPACT! A TREMENDOUS VIBRATION CRUMBLES BUILDINGS! UTTER PANIC REIGNS!

G-GOOD GRIEF! IT IS THE END OF THE WORLD!



COMPLETE DISASTER IS INEVITABLE! FOR THE GOOD CITY OF DULOIN HAS BECOME THE FIRST VICTIM OF THE FANTASTIC DESTROYER DRILL!



AS THE MONSTROUS MACHINE CONTINUES ITS DESTRUCTION THE FAMED BLACKHAWK FIGHTER SQUADRON STREAKS OUT OF A CLOUD BANK!

SACRE, BLACKHAWK! LOOK AT ZAT THEENG! ZEE SOS ON ZEE RADIO DID NOT EXAGGERATE!

YES, ANDRE... IT'S FANTASTIC! A GIANT DRILL... A DESTROYER DRILL THAT TEARS UP THE VERY GROUND BENEATH IT! WE'VE GOT TO KNOCK IT OUT!



JA! BUT HOW, BLACKHAWK? DER MACHINE'S PLATING ISS TOO THICK FOR OUR BULLETS TO PENETRATE!

PERHAPS ARMOR PIERCING SHELLS WILL CUT THROUGH THAT PLATING, HENDRICKSON! AT LEAST IT'S WORTH A TRY! FAN OUT FOR A CANNON ASSAULT!



THIS CANNOT BE... OUR SHELLS HAVE NO EFFECT ON THE FIENDISH WEAPON!

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT, STANISLAUS! LET'S POWER DOWN ON THE DOUBLE! WE'RE GOING TO NEED HEAVY ARTILLERY TO BLAST THROUGH THAT THING!

MINUTES LATER, AS THE BLACKHAWKS LOCATE AN ARMY ARTILLERY UNIT!

90 MM GUNS...THEY SHOULD DO THE TRICK! CHUCK! OLAF! BRING UP THE SHELLS! WE'LL ZERO THE DESTROYER DRILL IN!

WE HAD BETTER HURRY, MON AMI! ZEE MONSTER EES FLYING THEES WAY!

HAWKAAA!

O-OH...W-WOES... CHOP CHOP SHAKING... LIKE LEAF...I-IN WIND STORM...VELLY DIFFICULT TO AIM---

DO YOUR BEST, CHOP CHOP! THE "DRILL" WILL BE UPON US SOON!

The GREAT TRIP-HAMMER BLOWS OF THE APPROACHING MACHINE SHATTER THE EARTH AND---

YUMPIN' YIMINY! I-IT IS YUST LIKE AN... AN EARTH-QUAKE!

YES, OLAF! THE INCREDIBLE MACHINE HAS ENOUGH POWER TO SHATTER ANYTHING! TAKE COVER, GANG! THEY'RE MOVING IN FOR THE "KILL"!

WOW! THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE... I MUST BE DREAMING!

KEEP DOWN, CHUCK! THEY MAY HAVE SNIPERS ON THE BRIDGE!

ACH DU LIEBER! SOMEONE ISS COMING OUT ON DER BRIDGE, BLACKHAWK!

YES... SOME CHARACTER DECKED OUT IN FANCY DRESS! I WONDER WHO HE IS AND WHAT HIS ANGLE IS!

BLACKHAWK'S QUESTIONS ARE ANSWERED A MOMENT LATER WHEN THE GIANT BIT OF THE OMINOUS MACHINE COMES TO AN ABRUPT HALT AND---

ATTENTION, BLACKHAWK... I AM GENERAL PANIC! I WISH TO HAVE WORDS WITH YOU UNDER TRUCE!

I SUSPECT A TRAP, BLACK-HAWK!

PERHAPS, STANISLAUS! BUT I'M AFRAID HE'S HOLDING ALL THE CARDS AT PRESENT! I'LL HAVE TO RISK IT... ALONE!

BLACKHAWK



VERY WELL! I ACCEPT, GENERAL PANIC! I WILL MEET YOU HALF WAY UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE!

AGREED!



AS BLACKHAWK COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE FIEND WHO DEVISED THE INCREDIBLE WEAPON... GENERAL PANIC!

THE HONOR IS MINE, BLACKHAWK! I SALUTE YOU!

SORRY! I DON'T RETURN THE SALUTE OF HUMAN BUTCHERS! THE SALUTE IS A MARK OF RESPECT! YOU SAID YOU WANTED WORDS WITH ME... **START TALKING!**



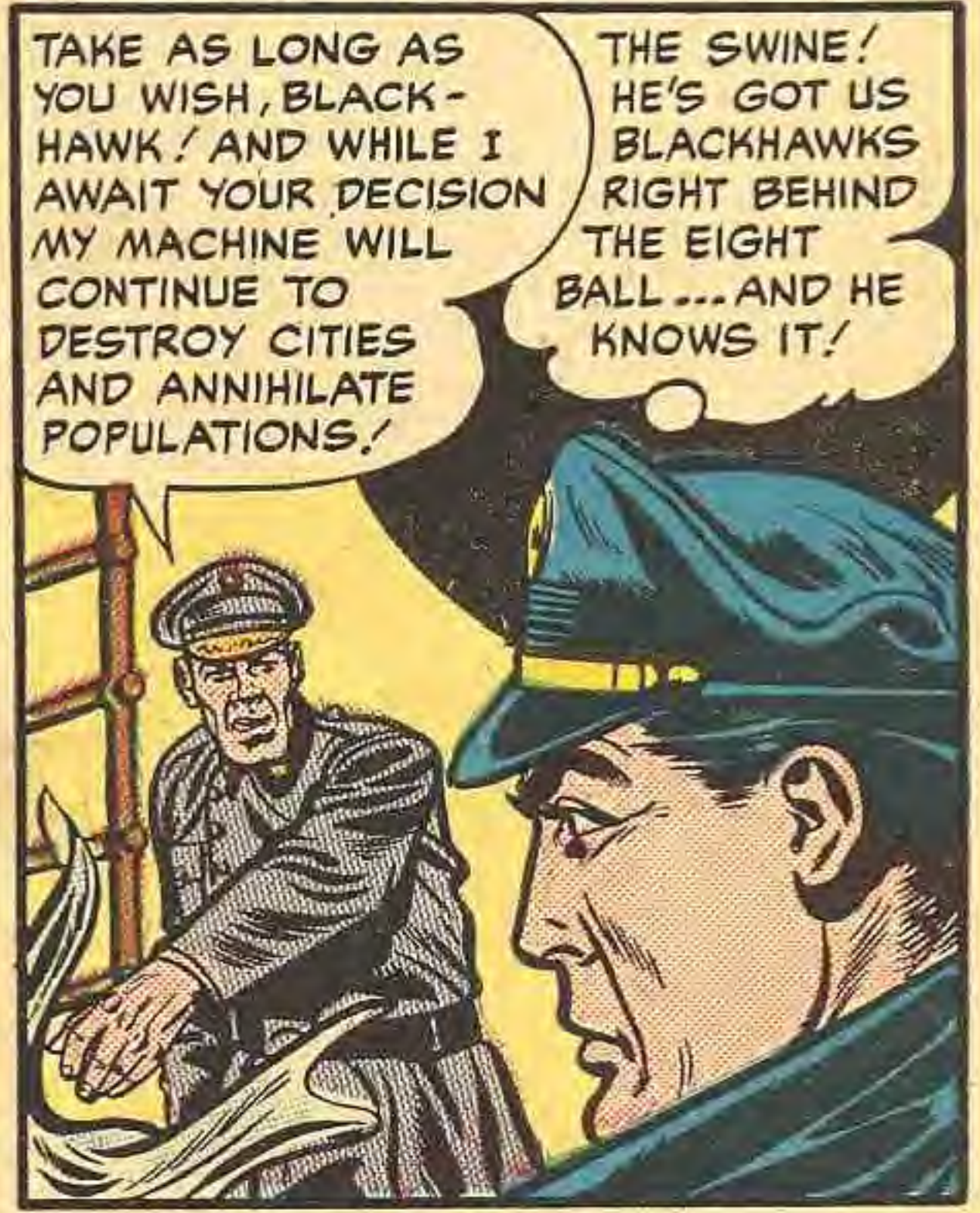
I WILL OVERLOOK YOUR INSOLENCE THIS TIME, BLACKHAWK! THESE ARE MY TERMS OF PEACE... THE PUBLIC SURRENDER OF YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS INTO MY CUSTODY!

YOU **ARE** MAD, PANIC! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK WE'D POSSIBLY ACCEPT SUCH RIDICULOUS TERMS?



BECAUSE YOU BLACKHAWKS HAVE VOWED TO DEFEND FREEDOM LOVING PEOPLES! AND IF MY TERMS ARE NOT MET I WILL DESTROY CITIES... WIPE OUT ENTIRE POPULATIONS WITH MY DESTROYER DRILL!

SO... YOU'RE BLACKMAILING US WITH HUMAN LIVES! HOW MUCH TIME HAVE WE GOT TO CONSIDER YOUR FIENDISH OFFER?



TAKE AS LONG AS YOU WISH, BLACKHAWK! AND WHILE I AWAIT YOUR DECISION MY MACHINE WILL CONTINUE TO DESTROY CITIES AND ANNIHILATE POPULATIONS!

THE SWINE! HE'S GOT US BLACKHAWKS RIGHT BEHIND THE EIGHT BALL... AND HE KNOWS IT!



That EVENING, AFTER BLACKHAWK CONVEYS GENERAL PANIC'S TERMS TO HIS MEN!

YOU SEE, GANG... IF PANIC CAN FORCE US TO SURRENDER TO HIM PUBLICLY, HE'LL WIN A GREAT PSYCHOLOGICAL BATTLE IN THE EYES OF THE WORLD! HE'LL BE CONSIDERED INVINCIBLE!

OUI! AND EVEN IF WE DO ACCEPT HIS TERMS ZE DOG WOULD NEVER LIVE UP TO HIS BARGAIN! MON AMI... SOMEHOW THIS DEVIL MUST BE STOPPED!



JA! IF WE COULD ONLY STOP DOT FLYING EGGBEATER FROM FLYING, VE MIGHT HALF DER BATTLE VON!

HM-M... I'VE GOT AN IDEA, GANG! IT'S A LONG SHOT... BUT IT MIGHT WORK! C'MON! WE'RE GOING TO VISIT THE SUB PENS AT THE HARBOR!

BLACKHAWK

NEXT DAY AT DAWN PANIC HITS AT THE HEARTS OF CITY RESIDENTS IN A NORTHERN CITY AS...

G-GREAT MERCY!
IT'S THE DES-
TROYER DRILL...
IT MUST BE COMING
TO ASSAULT OUR
CITY!

EEE-EE!
W-WHAT
CAN WE
DO?
W-WE'RE
HELP-
LESS!



And MILES AWAY, THE BLACK-
HAWKS ARE ALERTED TO THE
APPROACHING CATASTROPHE!

SACRE
BLEU! ZE
MONSTER
MACHINE
STRIKES AGAIN!
ZE SEISMOGRAPH
REVEALS SHE EES
IN ZE NORTH!

10 DEGREES
LONGITUDE...
SIXTY DEGREES
LATITUDE...
LET'S GO,
GANG! OUR
EARTHQUAKE
RECORDER
WAS JUST THE
THING TO LOCATE
ITS NEW ATTACK
INSTANTLY!



Soon
THE
VALIANT
BLACKHAWKS
SWEEP
OVER A
SCENE OF
GRIM
DESTRUCTION
...ALL
THEIR
HOPES
HINGE
UPON A
GREAT
STEEL NET
THEIR
SHIPS
CARRY!

ACH! DER
DESTRUCTION
ISS TERRIBLE!

LET'S PRAY OUR
PLAN WORKS,
HENDRICKSON!
OKAY, GANG...FAN
OUT AND PREPARE
THE DROP!



THE JETS FAN OUT AND...

STEADY, GANG...WE'VE
GOT TO DROP THIS STEEL
SUBMARINE NET DIRECTLY
OVER THE "DRILL" ON THE
FIRST CRACK! OUR JET FUEL
IS NEARLY GONE...WE'LL
HAVE TO LAND DIRECTLY
AFTER THE DROP!

L-LOOK...THE
BLACKHAWKS! T-THEY'RE
TRYING TO STOP THE
THING!



NET AWAY! OUR
BEST WISHES FOR
BAD LUCK, GENERAL
PANIC!



THE GREAT STEEL NET STRIKES THE TERRIBLE DESTROYER DRILL PERFECTLY...BUT THEN, BEFORE THE HORRIFIED EYES OF ONLOOKERS A HEARTRENDING ACTION OCCURS!

YIIII! WOBBLY MISERIES!
IT SMASHEE STEEL NET
LIKE MADE OF PAPER!

G-GREAT GOSH! THAT GIANT
PROP MUST BE MADE OF
INDESTRUCTIBLE METAL!
W-WE'RE SUNK, CHOP
CHOP!



BLACKHAWK

THE FEARFUL EARTH-SHATTERER WHIRLS OFF LEAVING A SCENE OF CHAOS AND RUIN IN ITS WAKE!

I BAN WISH WE HAD FUEL ENOUGH TO CHASE HIM!

YES, OLAF... BECAUSE OF CARRYING THAT HEAVY STEEL NET SO FAR WE KIND OF TRAPPED OURSELVES!

I-I CAN'T FIGURE HOW THE THING APPEARS SO **SUDDENLY** ...AND VANISHES IN A TWINKLING OF AN EYE!



YES, CHUCK... IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE HOW A THING THAT SIZE CAN APPROACH CITIES WITHOUT **SOMEONE** SEEING IT ENROUTE! HMM... THAT CLOUD THE DRILL JUST WENT INTO... THAT'S **STRANGE!**



SUFFERING THUNDERBOLTS! I'LL BET I KNOW THE ANSWER! C'MON, GANG... WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME JET FUEL AT THE LOCAL AIR-PORT!

MON A'MI! WHAT IS ZEE ANSWER, BLACKHAWK?



WHAT BETTER CAMOUFLAGE FOR PANIC'S APPROACH THAN A **FAKE CLOUD!** LOOK... THAT CLOUD'S TRAVELING DUE **SOUTH** BUT THE WIND IS BLOWING TO THE **NORTH!** **IMPOSSIBLE** FOR AN ACTUAL CLOUD!

ACH DU LIEBER! UFF COURSE! DOT WOULD'T EXPLAIN HOW DER MONSTROUS MACHINE SPRINGS SO **SUDDENLY** UPON DER CITIES UND DEN VANISHES!



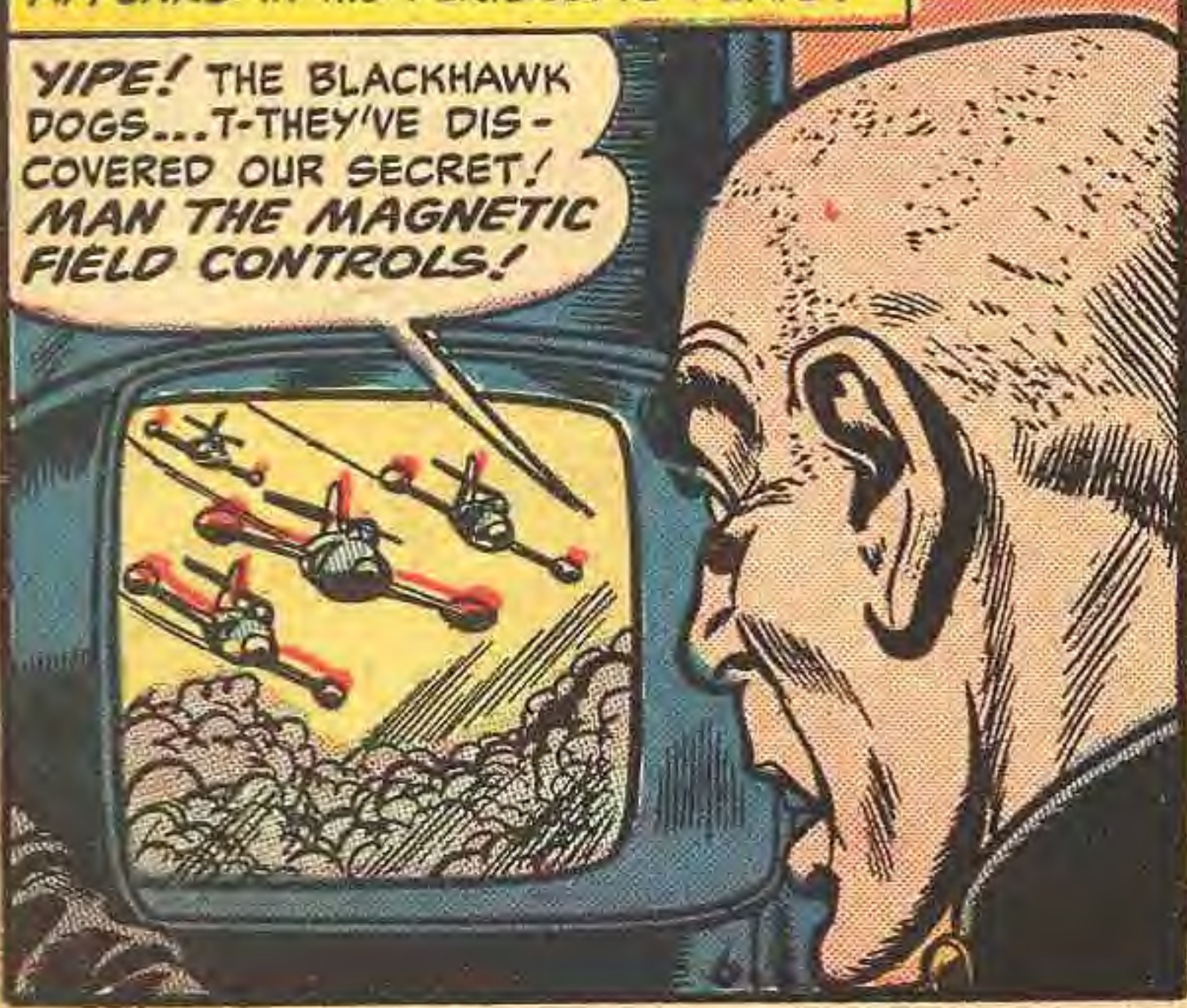
And BLACKHAWK'S PREMISE IS CORRECT... FOR AT THIS MOMENT WITHIN THE **STRANGE "CLOUD"**...

HA, HA! THE BLACKHAWK'S MUST BE BURSTING THEIR BRAINS TRYING TO FIGURE HOW I APPEAR FROM **NOWHERE** AND VANISH INTO **NOTHING!** HOW COULD THEY DREAM MY PORTABLE MAN-MADE CHEMICAL CLOUD DOES THE TRICK?



SUDDENLY, THE SMILE VANISHES FROM GENERAL PANIC'S COARSE FEATURES... A SHOCKING SIGHT APPEARS IN HIS PERISCOPIC PLATE!

YIPE! THE BLACKHAWK DOGS... T-HEY'VE DISCOVERED OUR SECRET! **MAN THE MAGNETIC FIELD CONTROLS!**



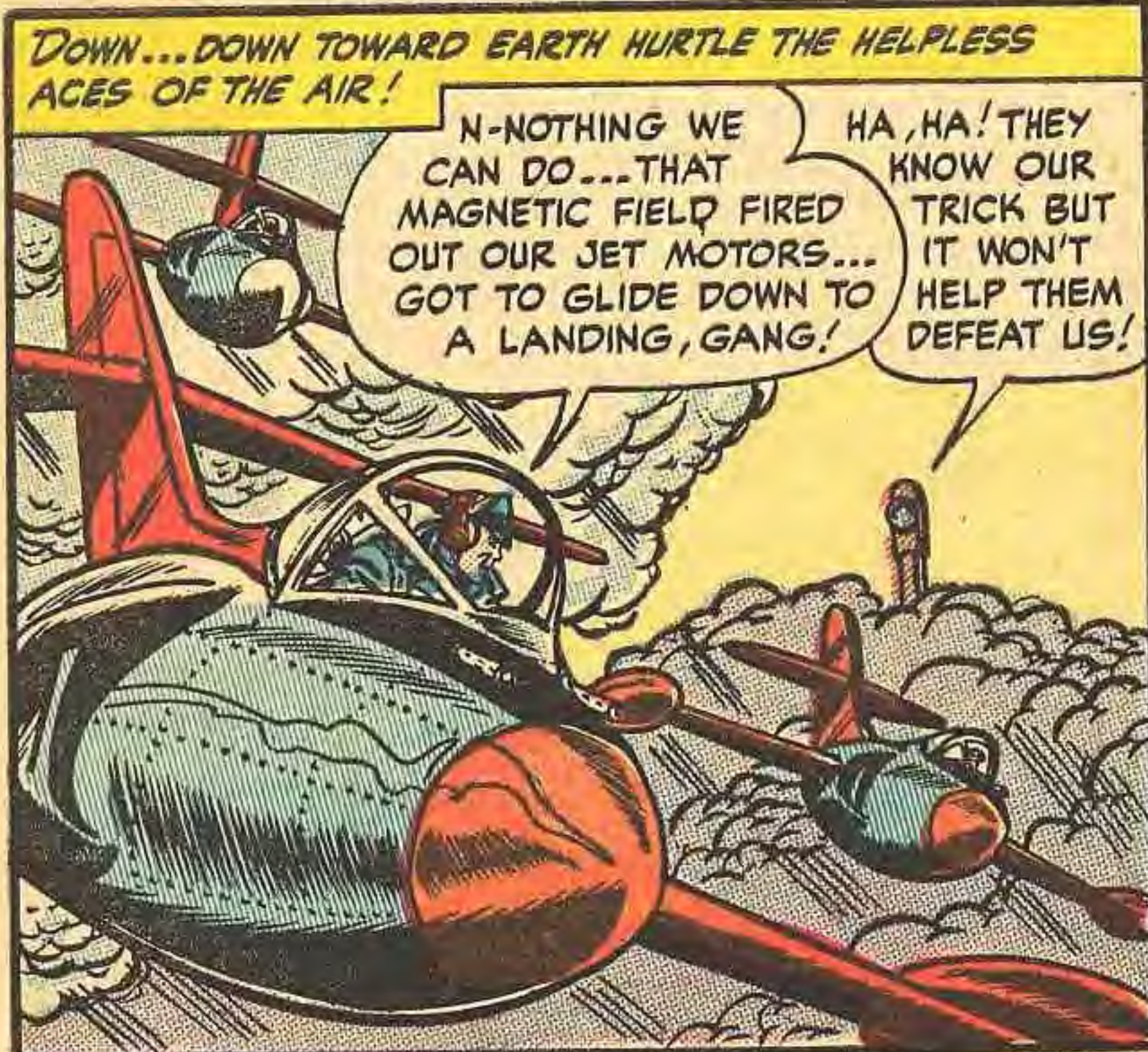
Into THE CHEMICAL CLOUD WING THE BLACKHAWKS! SUDDENLY, THE AIR ABOUT THEM SNAPS AND CRACKLES...

MON DIEU! ZERE EES ZE MONSTER!... **SACRE!** ZE AIR EES ON FIRE!

WHA...? THE DEVIL'S MANAGED TO MAKE AN ELECTRICAL FIELD IN HIS CHEMICAL CLOUD! OUR ENGINES CAN'T TAKE IT!



BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK

NEXT MORNING...

THE SURRENDER POSTER IS ALL READY, BLACKHAWK...HEY, YOU'RE WEARING YOUR NEW JACKET FOR THE AFFAIR, EH?

ER, YES, CHUCK! IT ISN'T EVERY DAY THE BLACKHAWKS SURRENDER! I WANTED TO LOOK MY BEST! I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU!

Tense moments later, the Blackhawks await atop a building until the fearful noise of the destroyer drill is heard approaching the doomed city!

STEADY, GANG... HERE COMES THE FEARFUL MACHINE!

ZE LUCK HAD BEST BE WITH ZE BLACKHAWKS TODAY!

WRRRRR

GENERAL PANIC SURRENDER TERMS ACCEPTED... BLACKHAWK

NEARER, NEARER COMES THE DREADED FLYING TRIPHAMMER UNTIL...

HO! YOU HAVE MADE A WISE CHOICE, BLACK-HAWK!

I-IT'S THE END... IF THAT FIEND HAS THE BLACKHAWKS AS CAPTIVES WHAT HOPE IS THERE LEFT FOR US?

GENERAL PANIC! YOU MAY HAVE THE BLACK-HAWK LEADER, MYSELF, IN EXCHANGE FOR NOT CONTINUING YOUR DESTRUCTION! IS IT A BARGAIN... ONLY MYSELF AS HOSTAGE?

HMM! VERY WELL, BLACK-HAWK! YOU ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT ONE! THE CITIZENS WILL REALIZE I HAVE BESTED YOU ALL WHEN YOU AS LEADER SURRENDER!

WHA..?

GREAT CATS! WHAT'S THE IDEA, BLACKHAWK? WE ALL AGREED TO GO!

OUI, MON AMIS! THEES EES NOT RIGHT!

GO BACK...I COMMAND YOU! THAT'S AN ORDER! GENERAL PANIC IS SATISFIED WITH ME ALONE!

Then, as the earth wrecker whirls aloft with the valiant Blackhawk leader inside...

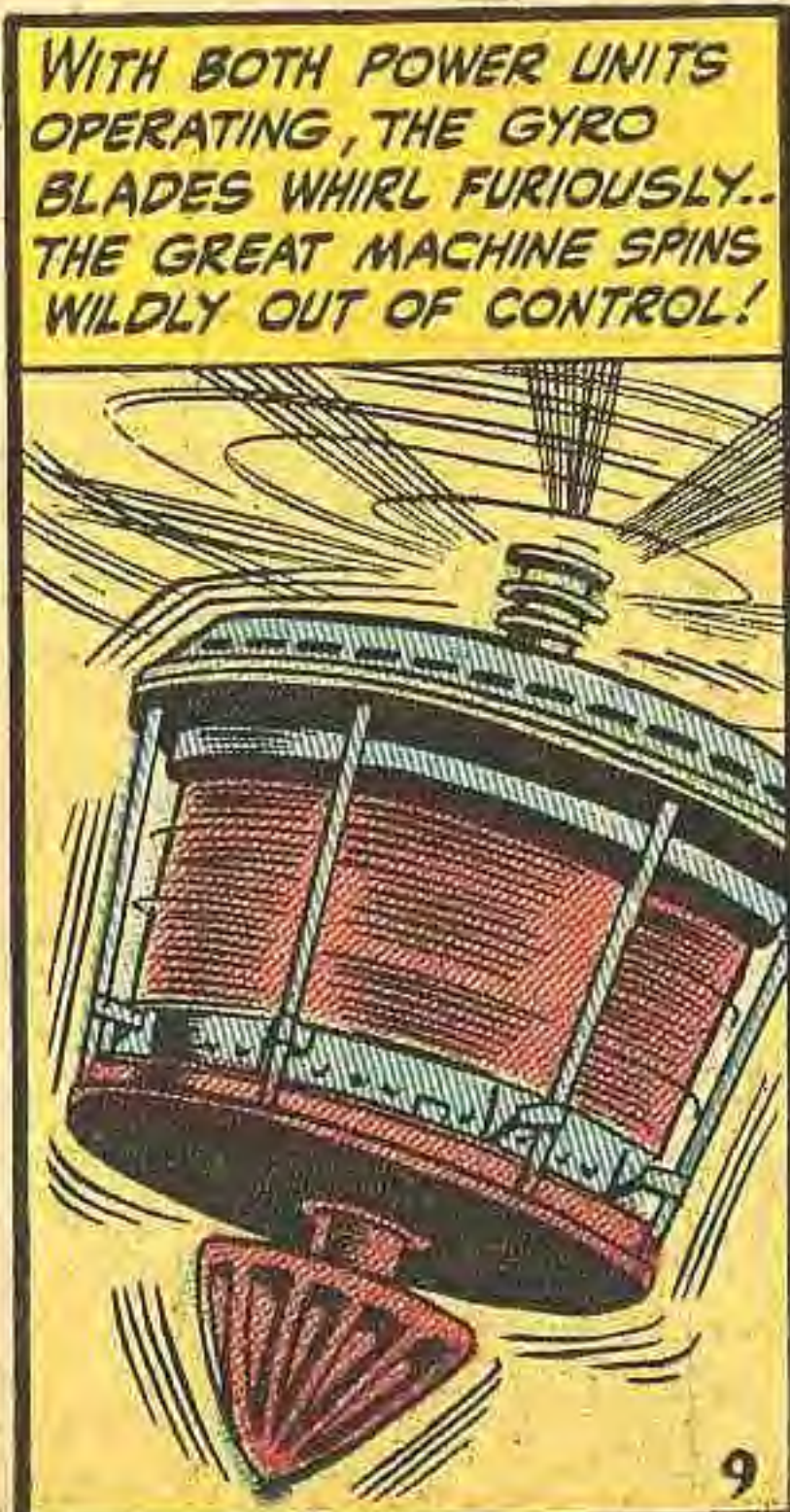
CHOP CHOP'S SPIRITS SINKEM VELLY LOW... POOR BLACKHAWK!

HE TRICKED US SO DOT VE COULD BE SAVED! ACH! SUCH A BRAVE MAN!

L-LUCK, BLACK-HAWK... MY LEADER!

HA, HA! NOW, MY BRAVE FOOL, YOU CAN PERSONALLY WATCH ME DESTROY A CITY! HO! YOU'LL SEE HOW GREAT IT IS TO HAVE POWER OVER A CITY'S LIFE OR DEATH! I SHALL BE THE MOST FEARED RULER THE WORLD HAS KNOWN! NO CITY WILL DARE DEFEY ME AFTER MY NEXT LESSON!

Y-YOU FIEND!



BLACKHAWK

CHARGED WITH POWER BEYOND ITS ENDURANCE, THE DESTROYER DRILL WOBBLER PRECARIOUSLY IN THE SKY!



TURN IT OFF, BLACKHAWK... BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE! THE MACHINE CAN'T TAKE THIS STRAIN MUCH LONGER!

THAT'S WHAT I'M FIGURING ON, PANIC! IRONIC, ISN'T IT? THE VERY POWER THAT MADE THE DRILL EVIL IS DESTROYING IT!



G-GREAT THUNDER! THE SIDE PLATES... THEY'RE TEARING LOOSE! THE DRILL IS... FALLING APART!

I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME TO DITCH THIS JALOPY! EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF, PANIC!



Then, GENERAL PANIC STARES IN DISBELIEF AS...

SO...THE GREAT BLACKHAWK HASN'T THE COURAGE TO AWAIT DEATH! AT LEAST I DIE WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT I AM BRAVER THAN YOU! HAHHA!



OUT OF THE DYING MACHINE HURTTLES BLACKHAWK! DOWN, DOWN HE FALLS! BUT THEN...

THAT PUTS AN END TO THE DRILL FOREVER! AND THANKS TO THIS JACKET OF MINE WITH THE SPECIAL AIR TIGHT COMPARTMENT BUILT IN THE BACK I'LL BE AROUND TO LEAD THE BLACKHAWKS!



AH, MON AMI...YOU UTILIZED THE HELIUM CAPSULE IN YOUR BELT TO FILL YOUR SPECIAL JACKET WITH ZEE GAS! WE ARE MOST HAPPY!

THANKS, ANDRE! THE AIRTIGHT COMPARTMENT HELD ENOUGH HELIUM TO SLOW MY FALL ENOUGH SO I WASN'T HURT!

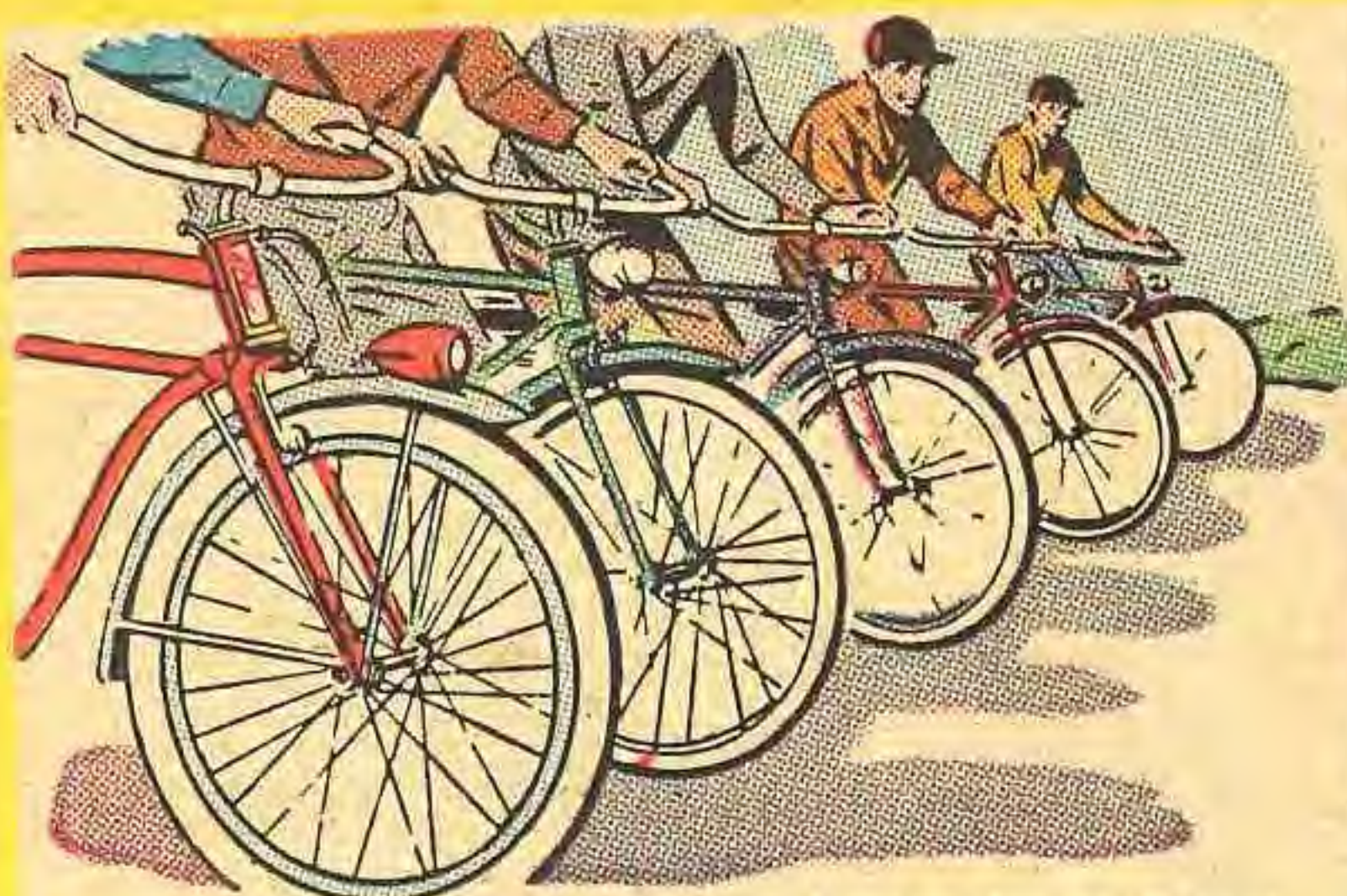


THE END OF A FIEND AND A MECHANICAL MONSTER! LET US HOPE THE WORLD NEVER AGAIN SEES SUCH A HORRIFYING COMBINATION!

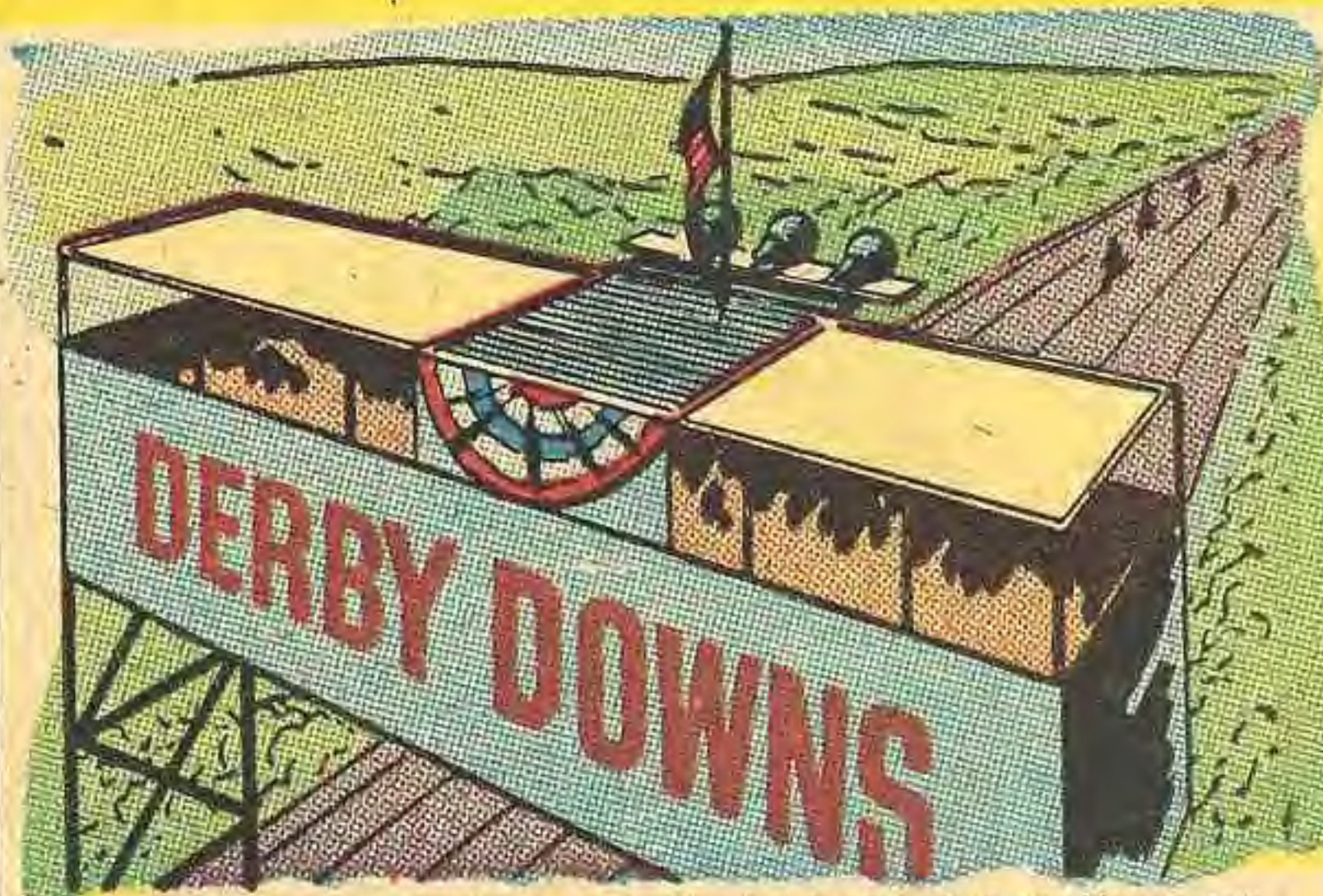
YES, BLACKHAWK...GENERAL PANIC CAUSED ENOUGH MISERY FOR A HUNDRED ARCH ENEMIES OF SOCIETY! HE JUSTLY DESERVED TO END WITHIN THE MONSTROUS MACHINE HE CREATED!



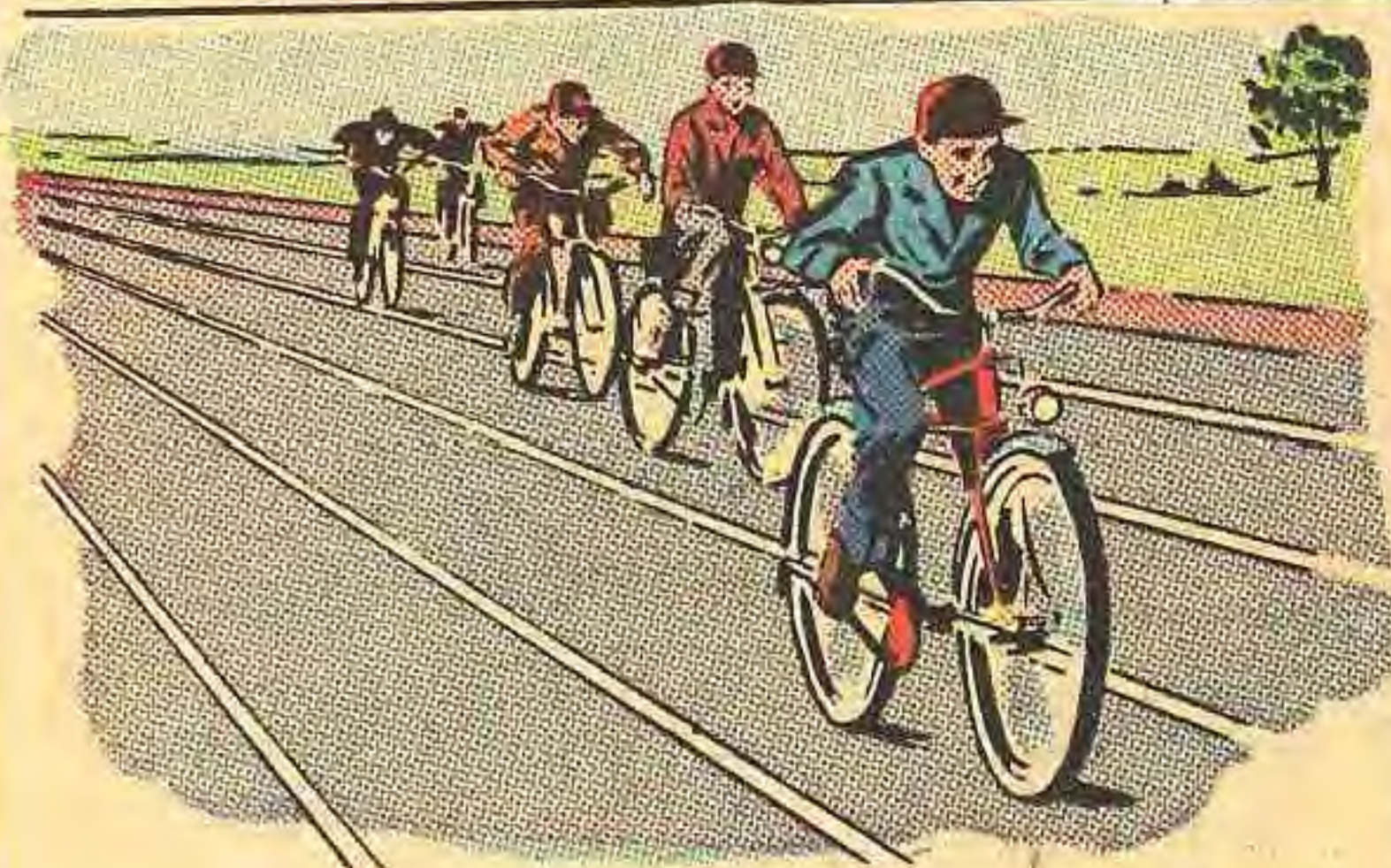
AMF *FLYING FALCON* with "Glidemaster Ride" wins coasting test in a flying finish!



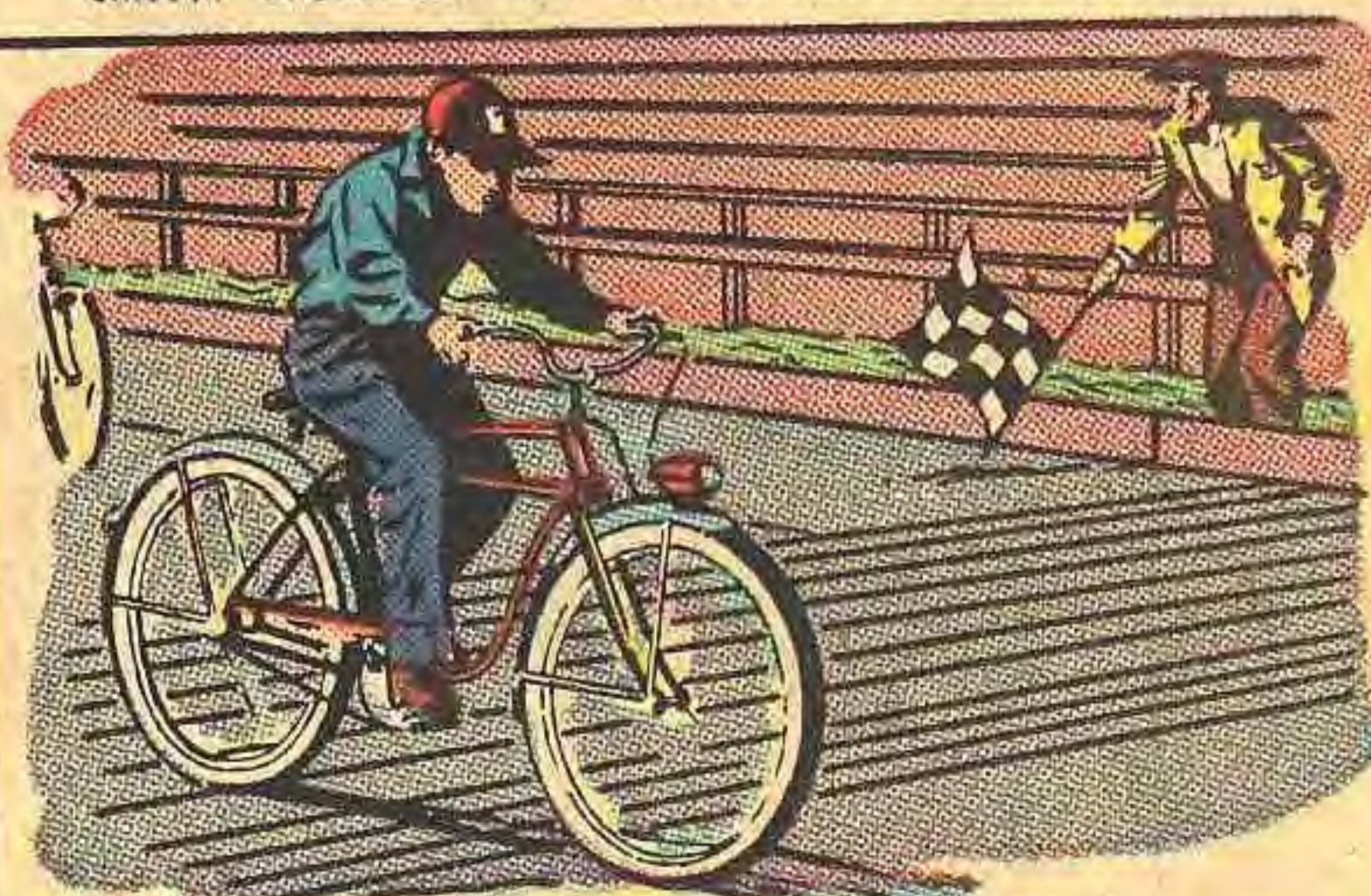
The starting line at Derby Downs, site of the famous all-American Soap Box Derby. 5 bicycles, including a lightweight, balloon-tire models and the Flying Falcon are lined up for the big coasting test.



They're off! It's pretty even in the beginning, but keep your eye on AMF Roadmaster's Flying Falcon with the gliding, swift, super-smooth "Glidemaster Ride"—the ride that's so excitingly different.



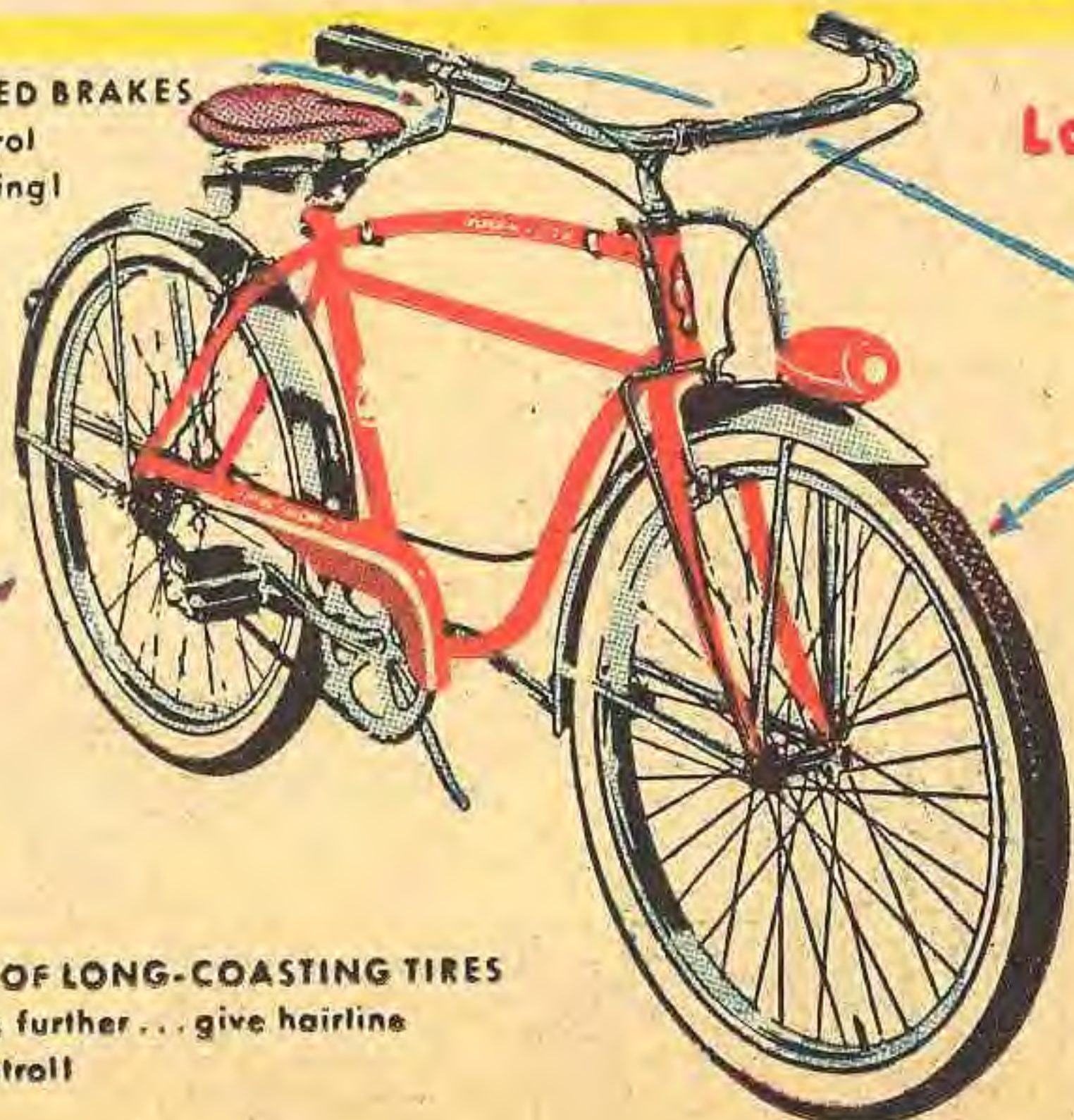
Now the Flying Falcon has pulled ahead! Its new kind of long-coasting tires (coast 65% further) plus 3-speed gear shift (easier pedaling up and down hills) are beginning to pay off.



Homefree all alone! The sensational winner, AMF Roadmaster's Flying Falcon glides to an easy victory, coasting 301 yards, 2 feet beyond the finish line. The lightweight coasted 287 yards, 1 foot and the best balloon model, 194 yards, 4 inches. Conclusive proof the Flying Falcon outcoasts them all!

HAND-OPERATED BRAKES

— finger-tip control for instant stopping!



NEW KIND OF LONG-COASTING TIRES

— coast 65% further... give hairline steering control!

Look at these great features!

GEAR-SHIFT PEDALING EASE

— never known before on a balloon-tire bike!

BALLOON-TIRE RIDING COMFORT

— absorbs bumps before you feel them!

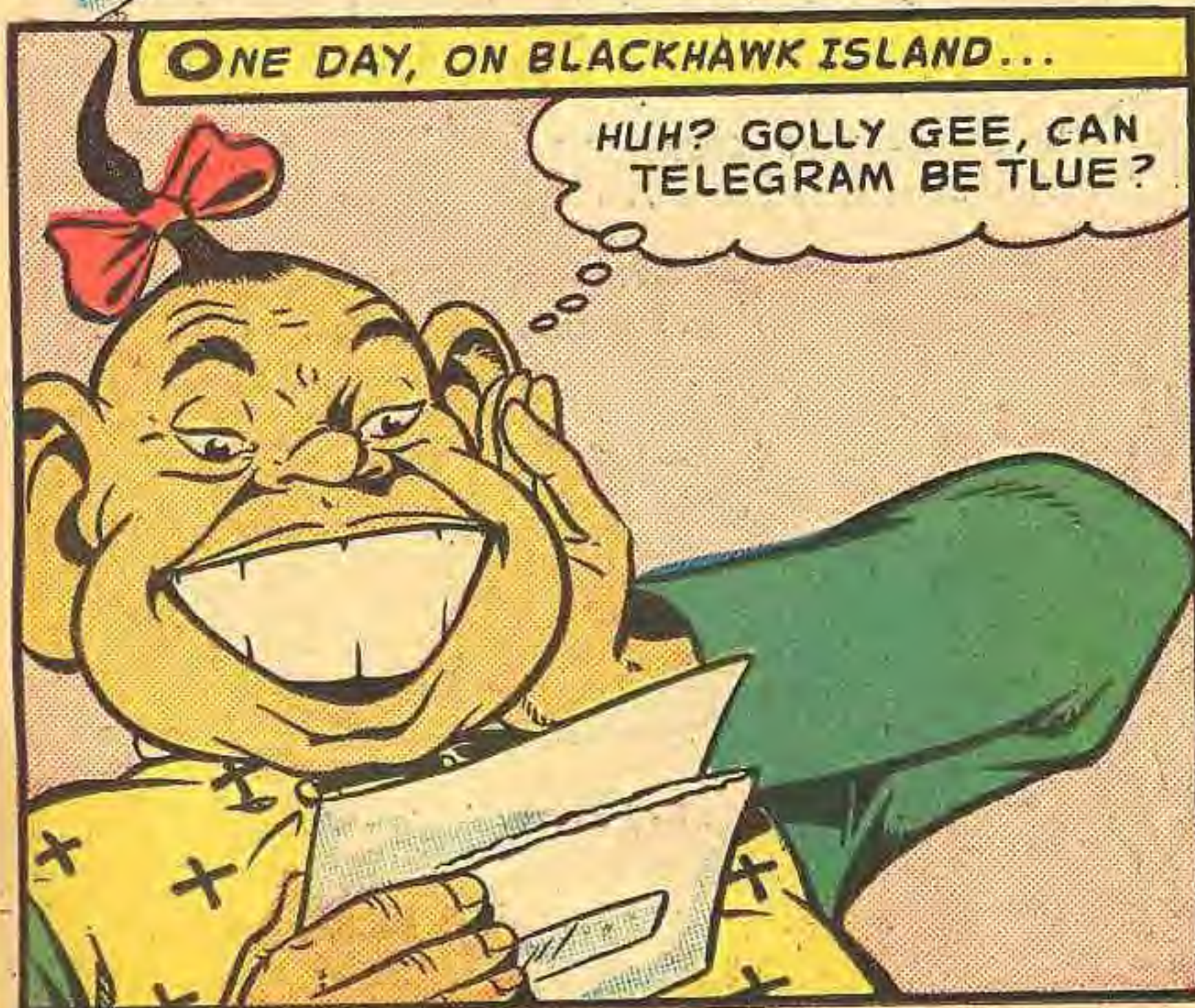


"the best of everything in bikes!"

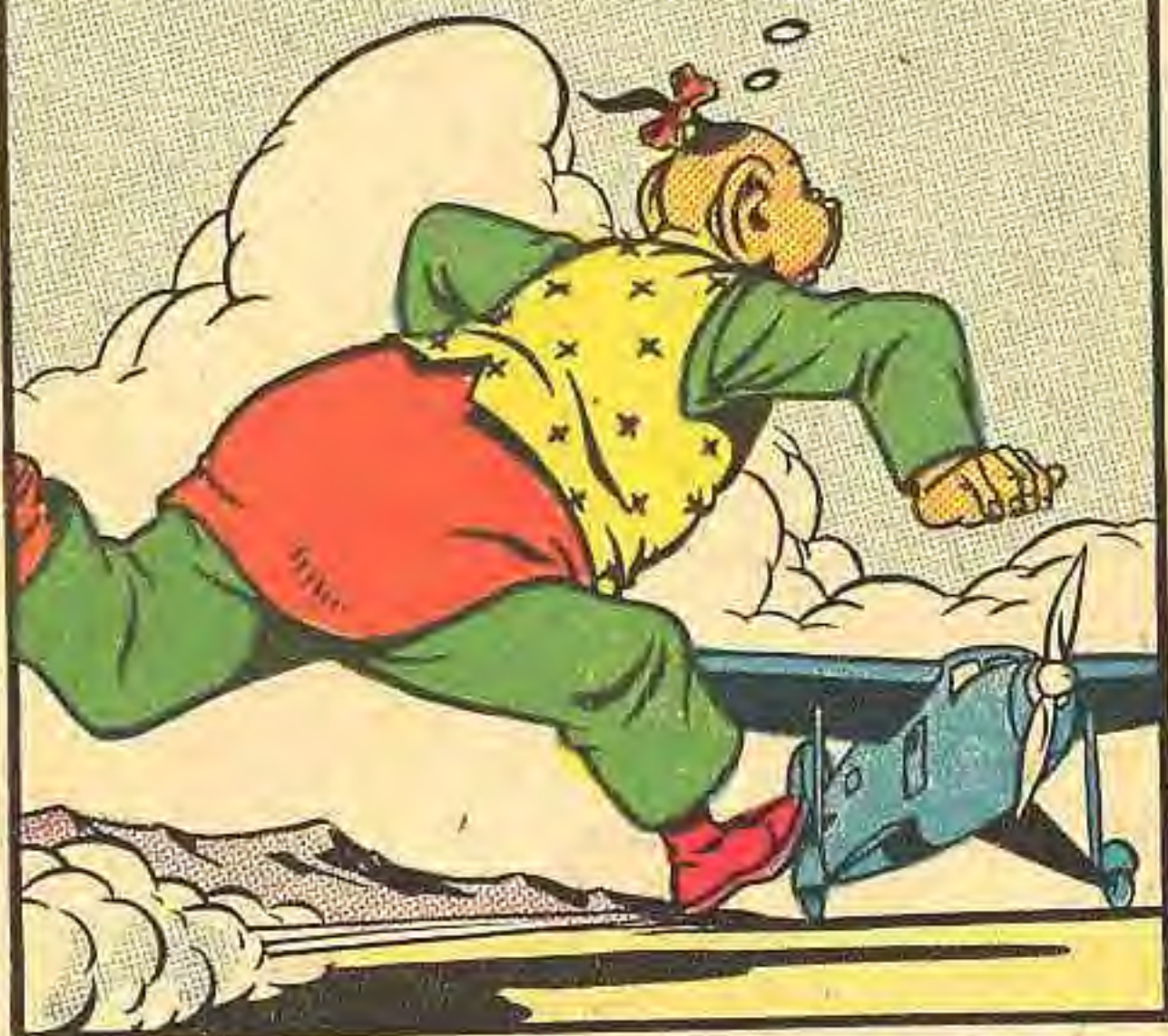
Another product of ... better by design

BLACKHAWK

CHOP CHOP



TELEGLAM SAYS MUST GO TO AMERICAN CHINATOWN TO COLLECT! WILL NOT LOSE TIME AND TAKE CHANCE ON LOSING MONEY!



WILL BE GLEAT FEELING TO BE RICH! WILL GO ON BIG SPENDING SPREE AND MAYBE MAKE SOME WHOOPEE, TOO!



THIS IS LAWYER IN CHARGE OF LEGACY! ME NOW FIND OUT FACTS ABOUT WHOLE BUSINESS AND BE SURE IT ALL NOT ONE GLEAT MISTAKE!



YES, CHOP CHOP, YOUR DISTANT RELATIVE DIED AND LEFT ALL HIS MONEY TO YOU! I'M SORRY YOU HAD THE TROUBLE OF MAKING SUCH A LONG TRIP BUT...

IS FINE KIND OF TROUBLE! MOST HAPPY TO MAKE TLIP!



WOULD BE PLEASED TO KNOW THE APPROXIMATE AMOUNT OF MONEY, IF POSSIBLE!

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T GIVE YOU THOSE FIGURES! YOU SEE, HE STORED HIS SAVINGS IN AN ATTIC...



...AND IT'S ENTIRELY TOO MUCH TO COUNT!

TOO MUCH TO COUNT? AWP!

BOON-ING



YOU LOOK SICK! IS ANYTHING WRONG?

NO! EVERYTHING OKAY! ONLY TOO MUCH!





BLACKHAWK



MY MEN BROUGHT THE MONEY, CHOP CHOP! WHERE DO YOU WANT THEM TO PUT IT?

ANYPLACE, PLEASE!



IN HERE, MEN! JUST PILE IT ON THE FLOOR!

IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! CHOP CHOP HIT JACKPOT!



WHILE THEY'RE UNLOADING, SHALL WE MAKE A SETTLEMENT? MY BILL IS TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS!

SMALL SUM, UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES! ME HAPPY TO PAY!



AND YOUR CHECK FOR THE PARTY, MR. CHOP CHOP, IS \$248.65!

DO NOT HAVE SO MUCH CASH IN POCKET!



BUT WILL PAY FROM HUGE FORTUNE HERE ON FLOOR!

THAT WON'T COVER IT! THE WHOLE PILE'S NOT WORTH MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS!



I SUPPOSED YOU KNEW THAT YOUR RELATIVE'S SAVINGS WERE IN OLD CHINESE BANK NOTES!

OH, WOE! WAS EXPECTING, INSTEAD, AMERICAN MONEY! AM NOW IN PLENTY BAD SPOT!



LATER...

BUT IS GOOD ME CAN COOK TO PAY OFF HOTEL BILL! STEW POT BETTER THAN JACKPOT! CHOP CHOP THINK IT LOT LESS TROUBLE!

BLACKHAWK

HE CAME OUT OF THE PAST, BRINGING WITH HIM THE UGLY MEMORIES OF VENOMOUS SPEECHES, TORTUROUS CONCENTRATION CAMPS! AND WITH HIM HE BROUGHT HUMAN BEASTS THAT CLAWED AND TORE AT THE BANNERS OF DEMOCRACY! ONLY THE GALLANT BLACKHAWKS COULD BAR THEIR WAY AND FINALLY SMASH FOREVER...

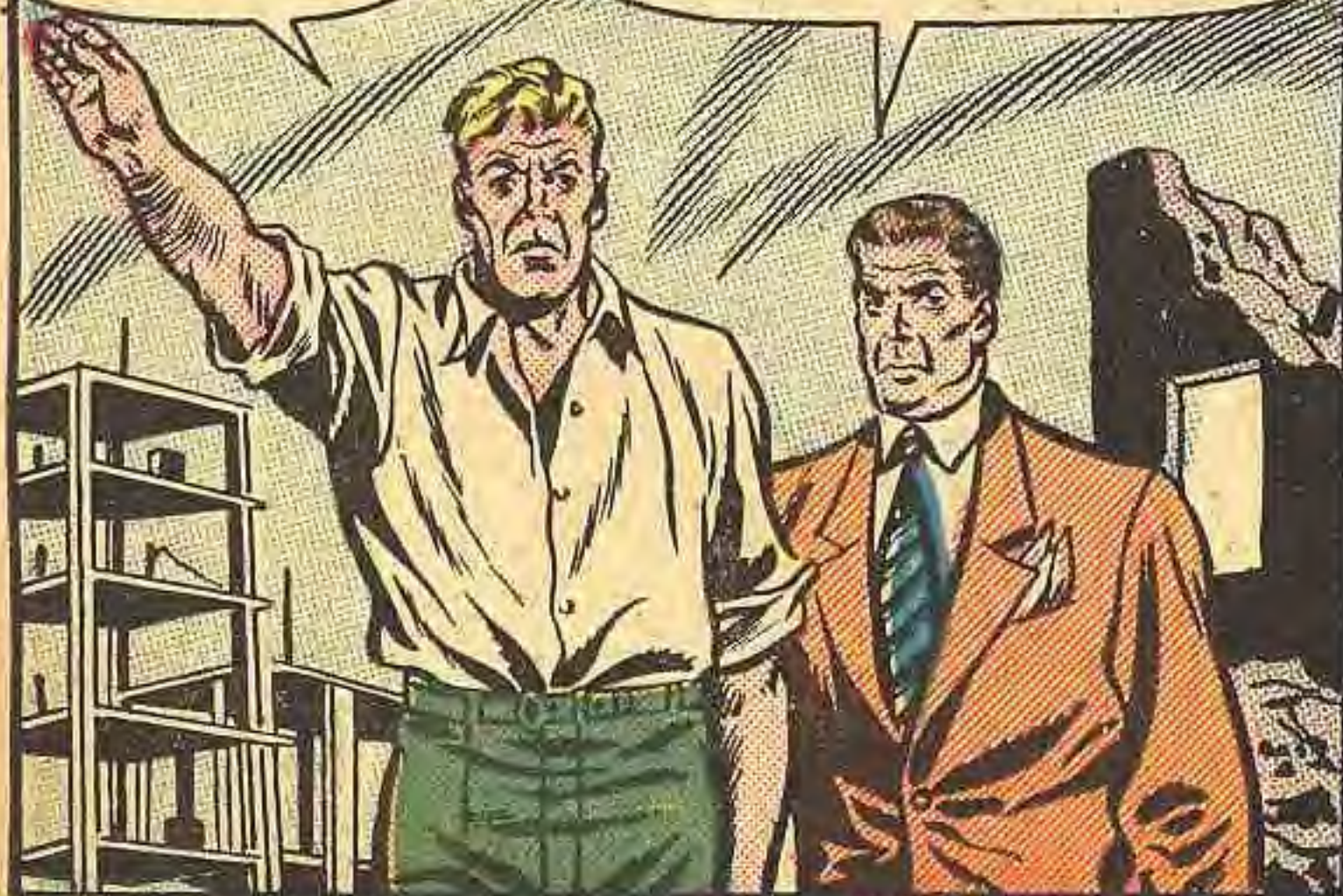
THE WOLF-PACK!



LIKE ITS WARTIME ALLY GERMANY, NAZI TEUTONIA BECAME AN OCCUPIED COUNTRY, STRIPPED OF ALL ARMS! BUT, AS THE YEARS PASSED...

I SAY THE NAZI PARTY MUST BE RE-ELECTED IN TEUTONIA!

NO! FASCISM HAS BROUGHT US SHAME! A VOTE FOR DEMOCRACY IS A VOTE FOR OUR FUTURE SELF-RESPECT!



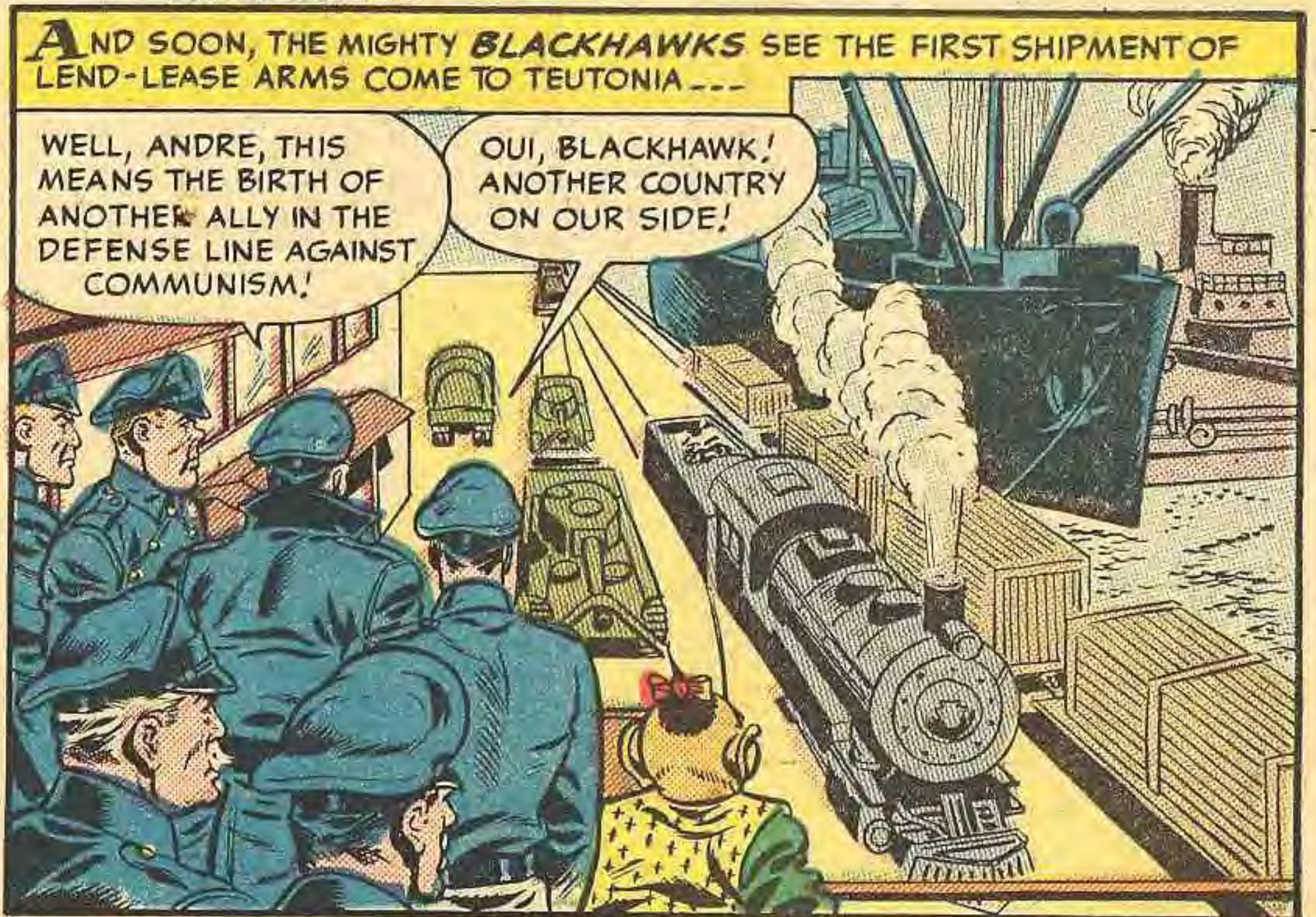
DEMOCRACY WAS OVERWHELMINGLY ELECTED! AND SOON, AT A SPECIAL MEETING OF WORLD DEMOCRATIC LEADERS...

GIVE US WEAPONS! IF YOU REARM US, WE CAN BECOME ANOTHER BUFFER AGAINST A POSSIBLE COMMUNIST INVASION OF EUROPE!

BUT, PRESIDENT KONRAD, CAN WE TRUST YOUR COUNTRY AGAIN?



BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK



BLACKHAWK



OKAY, BLACKHAWKS...
LET'S STOP THIS
WOLF-PACK!

HAH! ME KNOCK
NATZI STIFF AS
SKI BOARD!



UHH...THEY
MULTIPLY...
LIKE RABBITS!

WE'RE...
OUTNUMBERED...
UHHH!



LATER...THEY AWAKEN IN A DUNGEON TO SEE A STARTLING
SIGHT!

GOERING...
DECKED OUT LIKE
SIEGFRIED!

OUI! I ONCE READ
ZAT GOERING WAS
FOND OF GERMAN
MEDIEVAL COSTUMES!

QUIET, SWINE!
GO AHEAD,
HANS...READ
DER REPORT!



LATEST FIGURES
SHOW WE HAVE
RECRUITED **ONE
MILLION**
MEMBERS FOR
THE TEUTONIA
NAZI PARTY!

SURPRISED, EH, BLACKHAWK?
YAH...IT ISS MY ARMY...
BIG ENOUGH TO TAKE OVER
TEUTONIA!



FIRST YOU'D
NEED WEAPONS!
ONCE THEY
KNOW YOUR
STRENGTH, THE
ALLIES WILL
STOP SHIPPING
ARMS HERE!

YOU ARE WRONG!
WE ARE GOING
UNDERGROUND
AT ONCE, SO DER
ALLIES WILL THINK
IT ISS SAFE TO
REARM TEUTONIA!
THEN WE SHALL
EMERGE UND
TAKE OVER!



UND YOU
SHALL NOT
BE ABLE
TO WARN
THEM, FOR
YOU SHALL
ROT HERE
IN DER
DUNGEON!

I'VE GOT ONE QUES-
TION FOR YOU,
GOERING! HAVE YOU
EVER DONE AN
IMMELMANN TURN?



BETTER THINK ABOUT
YOUR DEATH INSTEAD
OF ASKING QUESTIONS
DOT DO NOT MAKE
SENSE! GOOT-BYE,
BLACKHAWK!

BE
SEEING
YOU,
PUDGY!

BLACKHAWK

AND WHEN THEY ARE ALONE...

ZAT MAN...HE LOOKS LIKE GOERING...BUT HE IS *NOT* ZE REAL GOERING! HE IS AN *IMPOSTOR!*

YOU'RE RIGHT, ANDRE! THE REAL GOERING WAS AN AVIATOR, AND THIS GUY DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT PLANES!



BLACKHAWK PROVED IT WITH THAT QUESTION OF HIS! THE FAKER DIDN'T KNOW WHAT AN IMMELMANN TURN WAS! EVERY PILOT KNOWS THAT IT IS A HALF A LOOP AND HALF A TURN MANEUVER IN A PLANE!



WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST! LOOK...THESE WALLS ARE PRETTY OLD! TRY TUGGING HARD AT YOUR CHAINS!



UHH...IT'S COMING! THAT CRUMBLING OLD MORTAR CAN'T TAKE MUCH STRAIN!



ACH! GOOT! YOU ARE FREE, BLACKHAWK! WE ARE SURE LUCKY DER "GOERING" DIDN'T NOTICE HOW BAD DER WALL WAS!

UH-HUH! LUCKY... LUCKY!



AFTER ALL THE BLACKHAWKS ARE FREED...THEY RACE UPSTAIRS TO FIND THE NAZIS HAVE GONE...

WE'RE TOO LATE! BUT AT LEAST WE CAN WARN THE ALLIES TO STOP SHIPPING ARMS!

WE'LL DO NOTHING OF THE KIND!



MON DIEU! BUT WHY SHOULD WE NOT TELL ZE ALLIES?

BECAUSE FIRST I WANT TO CHECK ON A HUNCH I'VE GOT! LET'S GO!



BLACKHAWK

SOON AFTER...ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A GREAT CITY...

MEN, THAT SIMPLE LOOKING WINDMILL BACK THERE IS ACTUALLY THE HEADQUARTERS FOR THE TEUTONIAN COMMUNIST PARTY!

SURE! WE KNOW THAT FROM POLICE REPORTS! BUT SO WHAT...THEY'VE A LEGAL RIGHT TO THAT MEETING PLACE!



SO...WE'RE GOING IN THERE! YOU WAIT HERE! I'LL TAKE OUT THAT SENTRY!



THIS BLADE WILL TAKE ME UP TO THE BALCONY QUIETLY AND QUICKLY!



THAT DOES IT! NOW THE REST OF THE BLACKHAWKS CAN COME UP HERE VIA THE SAME ROUTE!



MOMENTS LATER...

LISTEN...

COMRADE JANKOV, THE KREMLIN WILL PERSONALLY REWARD YOU FOR YOUR GOOD WORK!

SOMEBODY'S GETTING A PAT ON THE BACK...AND I'VE A HUNCH WHO IT IS! LET'S TAKE A LOOK!



WE SALUTE YOU, COMRADE JANKOV!

HOLY SMOKE! COMRADE JANKOV...IS THE PHONY "GOERING"!

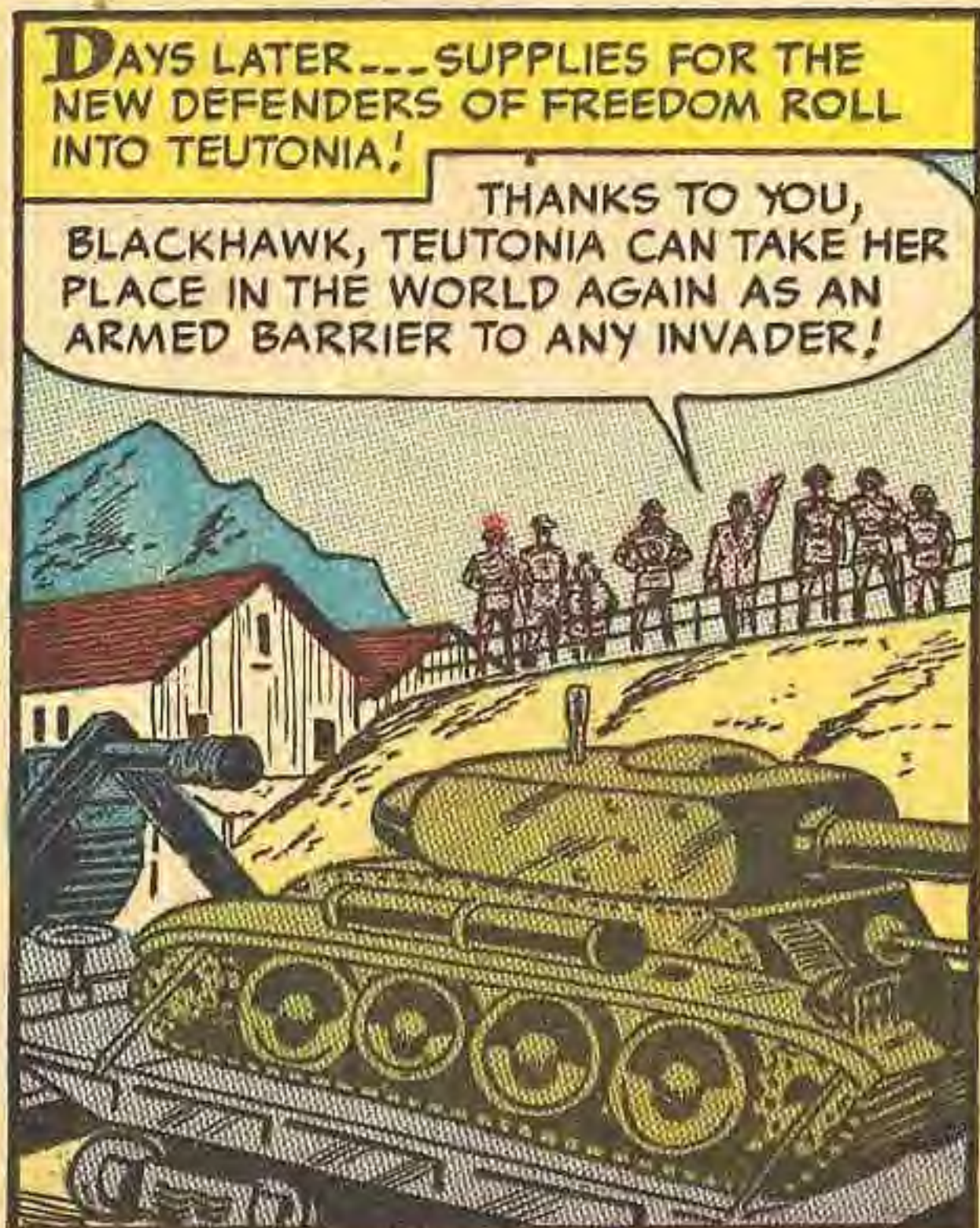


BLACKHAWK!

HI, PUDGY! I TOLD YOU I'D BE SEEING YOU!



BLACKHAWK



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ON THIS
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THE REDS DIED SCREAMING

FOR the third time in three successive nights, Corporal Belton hurled the field telephone onto the portable switchboard and cursed in bitter frustration. "Cut again! Just when the F.O. was starting to give us coordinates on that Red mortar position. The lousy, no-good, low-down, wire-cutting . . ." His voice ran out into panting silence.

Pfc. Jones, testing batteries behind the switchboard, looked sympathetic. "Dollars to doughnuts a Red patrol cut the phone wires in that same valley. And by the time our patrol finds the break and gets it repaired, they'll have the mortars moved to a new position. Sherman was sure right about war."

Without bothering to answer, Corporal Belton tramped out into the chill night. An inky blackness engulfed him, broken only by a few hooded lights in the background where electricians worked at charging batteries for the trucks and tanks of the outfit. The heavy throb of the generators filled the night with a solid pulsation. Northward, a flare drifted over an embattled mountain top and gunflame from an artillery post outlined the hills.

Corporal Belton waited and presently half a dozen figures materialized out of the blackness. The disgusted voice of Sergeant Sikes growled, "Same old story, Bert. That valley is so full of rocks that you can walk right past a Division of Reds and never see them. We tried to watch one end of your lousy phone line and they sneaked by and cut it somewhere beyond."

Belton swore disgustedly. As Communications, it was his job to maintain contact with a forward observation post. But the Reds had jammed their radio beyond usefulness and when they fell back on a field telephone, Red patrols kept cutting the wires. It was a frustrating, infuriating situation. Worse, each day a Red mortar battery harassed a nearby ridge from some hidden bunker. At night their F.O.—Forward Observer—could locate the mortars by their flashes. But without telephone contact, he could never zero in the artillery to wipe it out.

The Corporal listened to the throb of the

generators and suddenly a wild and wicked gleam came into his eyes. "Tomorrow night, Sarge, you're gonna find those Reds and massacre 'em. I promise you that."

The next morning Corporal Belton himself went with the wire repair crew and made certain alterations in the line while the cut wires were being spliced. Then, grinning wickedly to himself, he returned to CP and spent an hour of successful arguing with the generator crew.

With night, the Red mortars opened up. He could hear the coughing reports of their explosions and see the murderous burst of their shells along the embattled ridge line. He tried the SRC 300 radio, hearing only the screech and yammer of the Red jamming wave that made it useless. By telephone he checked with the F.O. who was moving into position where he could spot and calibrate the range on the mortars. Corporal Belton grinned to himself.

Somewhere out there in the darkness, Sergeant Sikes had his patrol moving cautiously among the rocks of the valley, following the telephone line. There was no sign of movement among the rocks but somewhere, they knew, a Red patrol was creeping up to cut the wires. The GIs tensed, waiting.

Very suddenly there was a greenish, crackling flash from up ahead, then a wild and quivering scream. With cool efficiency, Sergeant Sikes and his patrol stood up and poured a savage concentration of fire at the spot. The screaming stopped abruptly.

They stood there listening, reloading, waiting. Presently, from behind them a UN artillery battery began to roar and, up on the Red-held hill beyond them, shells began to smash the hidden mortars.

Sergeant Sikes took a deep, comfortable breath. "That Corporal Belton," he said admiringly. "What a guy! Imagine, running a set of dummy phone wires and hooking 'em onto the high tension generator. Those Red wire-cutters musta soaked up some plenty high voltage before we put 'em outa their misery."

BLACKHAWK

HE WAS THE MOST FEAR-SOME ENEMY THE FAMED FIGHTERS FOR PEACE HAD EVER ENCOUNTERED... A WALKING MADMAN CHARGED WITH SUDDEN DEATH AND DESTRUCTION! THUS, THE FREE WORLD'S TOP SECRETS WERE IN MORTAL DANGER! AND THE NATION'S LEADERS TURNED TO THE BLACKHAWKS FOR HELP... BUT COULD THESE SEVEN BRAVE MEN "DEACTIVATE" AND RENDER HELPLESS...

The HUMAN BOMB?



ON A EUROPEAN TOUR OF THE FREE WORLD'S DEFENSES, THE FAMED BLACKHAWKS INSPECT A POWERFUL AIR BASE BORDERING THE IRON CURTAIN!

AND THIS, BLACKHAWK, IS THE ARMY'S LATEST ANSWER TO AGGRESSION! SHE'S CAPABLE OF DOING OVER 1200 MPH! TOO BAD WE HAVEN'T MORE OF THEM!

IT'S A SLEEK LOOKING JET, GENERAL BOLDEN... WHAT'S THAT SOUND... AN ALARM?

**WHEEEE!
WHEEEE!
WHEEEE!**



THREE BLASTS! GREAT SCOTT... THAT MEANS REAL TROUBLE!

WE'D BETTER INVESTIGATE... ON THE DOUBLE! LET'S GO, GANG!



BLACKHAWK

AS THE VALIANT FIGHTERS FOR FREEDOM POUR FORTH FROM THE HANGAR UTTER BEWILDERMENT FILLS THEIR EYES!

DONNERWETTER! SACRE! WHAT EES ZAT THEENG?

I-I DON'T KNOW, ANDRE... BUT THE GENERAL IS RIGHT! IT'S TROUBLE!

I COME HERE TO DESTROY THE WEAPONS OF WAR! IF YOU INTERFERE YOU TOO WILL BE DESTROYED!

PY YIMINY! WHAT HAS HE STRAPPED TO HIS BACK?

BOMBS OLAF... AND THEY LOOK POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BLAST THIS BASE TO PIECES! LET'S HOPE THOSE SOLDIERS AREN'T TRIGGER HAPPY!

HEED MY WARNING WELL IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIVES!

READY... AIM...

DON'T FIRE! THAT THING MAY BE A WALKING KEG OF TNT!

B-BLACKHAWK... WE CAN'T LET HIM ENTER THAT HANGAR! OUR TOP SECRET JET IS IN THERE!

WE HAVE NO CHOICE, CAPTAIN! IF THOSE ARE LIVE BOMBS HE'S CARRYING A BULLET WOULD BLOW US ALL TO KINGDOM COME!

WE'LL HAVE TO SWEAT THIS ONE OUT, GANG! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO CALL HIS BLUFF! I SUGGEST YOU HAVE THE HANGAR SURROUNDED BY TANKS, GENERAL! THEY'LL MAKE GOOD PROTECTION... JUST IN CASE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BLACKHAWK!

O-OH, WOES...

SPINE CHILLING MINUTES PASS! TANKS ROLL INTO THE AREA SURROUNDING AND CUTTING OFF THE MADMAN'S ESCAPE! AND THEN... THE LONG WAIT!

THUNDERING JETS! WHAT'S HE DOING IN THERE ALL THIS TIME?

AH... WE ARE NOT USED TO THIS BATTLE OF PATIENCE, CHUCK!

STEADY, MEN! SOMETHING'S GOT TO HAPPEN SOON!

"SOON" IS SEVEN MINUTES LATER! A BLINDING FLASH STREAKS THROUGH THE SKY, THEN...

KABOOOOOM!

BLACKHAWK

And when the deafening blast subsides...

FANTASTIC! THAT MANIAC ACTUALLY BLEW HIMSELF UP! HE WAS A...A HUMAN BOMB!



WOW! HE'S STILL ALIVE... HE LIVED THROUGH IT! B-BUT HOW?

WE'LL SOON KNOW, CHUCK! NOW THAT CHARACTER HAS DISPOSED OF HIS DEADLY MISSILES I THINK IT'S TIME WE HAD A LITTLE TALK WITH HIM!



CHOP CHOP VELLY RELIEVED! CAN BLEATHE ONCE AGAIN!

BUT AS THE FAMED TEAM APPROACHES THE INCREDIBLE HUMAN BOMB...

HOLD IT, GANG! HE'S STILL GOT ANOTHER EGG LEFT! THE FIEND ONLY EXPLODED ONE BOMB!

LET ME PASS.. OR YOU AND YOUR MEN WILL PERISH, BLACK-HAWK! IF YOU ATTEMPT TO FOLLOW I WILL TOUCH OFF MY SUPER BOMB!



DER SWINE! YUST LET ME GET MY HANDS ON HIM!

STEADY, MEN! I KNOW IT'S TOUGH...BUT WE MUST CONSIDER THE LIVES OF THE SOLDIERS STATIONED AT THIS BASE! WE'LL MEET THE HUMAN BOMB AGAIN...THAT I PROMISE!



That evening, the Blackhawks discuss future tactics against the explosive menace...but how does one defeat a human bomb?

PERHAPS WE COULD STRAFE ZE BOMB FROM ZE AIR, BLACKHAWK! THEN WE WOULD NOT ENDANGER OTHER LIVES!

I'M AFRAID HE'D BE TOO SMART FOR THAT, ANDRE! ONCE WE TOOK TO OUR JETS THE BOMB WOULD STICK CLOSE TO POPULATED AREAS! NO...THERE MUST BE ANOTHER ANSWER!



ANCESTORS SAY IT IS WISE HUNTER WHO TRAPS DANGEROUS LION AS BEAST SLEEPS IN LAIR!

SAY... YOU MAY HAVE SOMETHING THERE, CHOP CHOP! THE BOMB'S HIDEOUT MUST BE IN SOME REMOTE PLACE! IF WE COULD TRAP HIM THERE IT WOULDN'T MATTER HOW MANY EXPLOSIONS HE SET OFF!



AND I THINK I KNOW A WAY HE'LL LEAD US THERE! C'MON, GANG! WE'RE GOING TO VISIT THE ATOMIC LABORATORY OUTSIDE OF TOWN!

THIS I DO NOT UNDERSTAND... BUT LEAD ON, BLACKHAWK!



BLACKHAWK

DAYS LATER, BLACKHAWK JETS STREAK THROUGH THE SKY ABOVE A U.S. ARMY DEPOT...THE NEXT VICTIM OF THE FRIGHTENING "BOMB"!

HE'S STILL DOWN THERE, GANG! WE'LL SOON KNOW IF MY IDEA WILL BE SUCCESSFUL! ANDRE! TAKE OVER COMMAND! I'M BAILING OUT!

OUI, MON AMI! WE WEEL LAND IN ZE FIELD NEARBY... AS PLANNED!



SHORTLY, AS BLACKHAWK DESCENDS EARTHWARD...

HE'S MAKING FOR THE A-CANNON SHELTER TO BLOW IT UP! NO CHANCE TO STOP THE BOMB THIS TIME! BUT IF MY PLAN WORKS IT WILL BE THE LAST ATTACK HE'LL MAKE AGAINST THE FREE WORLD'S DEFENSES!



A BULL'S EYE! I'M SURE GLAD THAT SUIT OF HIS IS THICK! IT PREVENTED HIM FROM FEELING THE SPRAY! NOW TO TAKE COVER BEFORE THIS PLACE GOES UP LIKE A MATCH BOX!



SPLIT SECONDS AFTER THE BOMB'S DEVASTATING BLAST, BLACKHAWK JOINS HIS MEN IN A NEARBY FIELD!

HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT, BLACKHAWK?

HE'S SATURATED WITH RADIOACTIVE WATER, CHUCK! WITH THAT GEIGER COUNTER WE'LL BE ABLE TO TRACK HIM FROM A MILE AWAY! LET'S HURRY! HE ESCAPED TO THE SOUTH!



AH...THEN ZE PROFESSOR'S EFFORTS AT ZE ATOMIC LABORATORY WERE NOT IN VAIN, MON AMI!

WE'LL SOON KNOW, ANDRE! PICK UP ANYTHING, CHUCK?

N-NOTHING, BLACKHAWK! ARE YOU... SURE HE WENT THIS WAY?



BUT THAT'S... IMPOSSIBLE! I'M POSITIVE THE BOMB TOOK THIS DIRECTION... AND HE COULDN'T BE OUT OF RANGE! ARE YOU SURE THERE'S NO REACTION ON THAT MACHINE?

ABSOLUTELY, BLACKHAWK! WE'RE NOT PICKING UP A WHISPER! PERHAPS THAT WATER WE GOT AT THE A-LAB WASN'T RADIO-ACTIVE!



NO...THE PROFESSOR CHECKED THAT WATER THOROUGHLY! IT WAS 97 PERCENT RADIOACTIVE! AND I'M SURE I SCORED A BULL'S-EYE WHEN I FIRED IT AT THE BOMB!



BLACKHAWK

EET IS IMPOSSIBLE, BLACKHAWK...HOW CAN ZERE BE NO PICK UP ON THE GEIGER MACHINE WHEN HEES UNIFORM EES SOAKED WITH RADIATION?

I DON'T KNOW, ANDRE...IT'S STRANGE... TOO STRANGE!

BAD NEWS, BLACKHAWK! WE THOUGHT ALL OUR MEN WERE OUT OF THE BUILDING AT THE TIME... BUT WE'VE JUST FOUND THE REMAINS OF WHAT WAS ONCE A... PERSON!

I-I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT, GENERAL! WE HAD A PLAN TO TRACK THE DEVIL... BUT, SOMEHOW, HE OUTWITTED US! C'MON, GANG...LET'S SCOUR THE TERRITORY FROM THE AIR!

And LATER, THE HEARTSICK FIGHTING TEAM LEAVE THEIR JETS...

HUMAN BOMB VANISH LIKE HE REALLY BLOWIEE UP, BLACKHAWK!

YES, CHOP CHOP, THE FIEND PLANNED HIS ESCAPE ROUTE WELL... BUT HOW... HOW DID HE AVOID HAVING US PICK UP THE RADIATION FROM HIS SUIT?

ACH! WE ARE SO HELPLESS!

NEXT DAY, THE TERRIBLE REIGN OF TERROR BEGINS AGAIN! AT THE AMERICAN EMBASSY...

RUN! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! IT'S THE... HUMAN BOMB!

YIIII! N-NOTHING CAN STOP HIM! A-AND HE'S STEALING TOP SECRET PAPERS!

And AGAIN THE FOLLOWING EVENING, AT A KEY CONFERENCE OF FREE NATIONS OFFICIALS...

G-GREAT HEAVENS! IT'S THE HUMAN BOMB!

EXACTLY, GENTLEMEN...DON'T BE ALARMED...I'VE MERELY COME TO GATHER WHATEVER DOCUMENTS OF INTEREST YOU GENTLEMEN MIGHT POSSESS!

Then...

I-I'LL GET HIM, GENTLEMEN!

GO AHEAD, YOU FOOL! IF A BULLET STRIKES ME IT'S BOUND TO HIT A BOMB...AND THAT WILL DESTROY YOU ALL!

G-GREAT GRIEF! HE'S RIGHT...DON'T SHOOT!

And SHORTLY, THE MIGHTY BLACKHAWKS STAND HELPLESSLY BY OUTSIDE AFTER SPEEDING TO THE SCENE OF ALARM!

W-WE DON'T DARE FIRE! HE'S CARRYING ENOUGH EXPLOSIVES TO KILL HUNDREDS!

YES...HE'S TIED OUR HANDS AGAIN!

BLACKHAWK

I SHALL BE MAKING MY
ESCAPE THROUGH CROWDED
STREETS...THROUGH BLOCKS
OF HOUSES WHERE CHILDREN
PLAY...IF I AM FOLLOWED I
WILL WITHOUT HESITATION
DETONATE...REMAIN WHERE
YOU ARE!



I BAN LIKE
TO MEET
THAT MAN
WITHOUT HIS
BOMBS!

YES, OLAF...
I'D GIVE A
LOT FOR TEN
MINUTES
WITH HIM
STRIPPED OF
HIS BOMB
GEAR!

I SEE
HE'S
DONE IT
AGAIN,
BLACK-
HAWK!
WHAT A
DEVIL!



WELL, AT LEAST HE
DIDN'T KILL ONE OF
MY MEN! WE LEARNED
NOT A MAN AT THE
ATOM SECTION WAS
MISSING! WE CAN'T
ACCOUNT FOR THE BODY
FOUND IN THE RUINS! IT
WASN'T ONE OF OUR
MEN!

WHA...?
YOU SAY
THE BODY
DIDN'T
BELONG TO
ONE OF
YOUR MEN,
GENERAL
BOLDEN!



And AS THE GENERAL LEAVES...

SACRE! YOU HAVE
THOUGHT OF ZE
PLAN, BLACKHAWK?
YOU HAVE ZE IDEA?

WHAT'D YOU
STRIKE ON,
BLACKHAWK?
WHAT'S THE
MYSTERY BODY
GOT TO DO WITH
IT?

GANG, I'M NOT SURE
OF ANYTHING...BUT
LET'S MAKE SOME
NEW PLANS BACK
AT HEADQUARTERS!



LATER...

THEN, EACH ONE
OF US WILL
GUARD A KEY
OBJECTIVE,
BLACKHAWK!

EXACTLY, GANG! AND BY MEANS
OF OUR BELT RADIOS THE FIRST
TO SEE SIGNS OF THE BOMB
WILL NOTIFY THE OTHERS!
THESE SIX LOCATIONS
REPRESENT THE MOST VITAL
PLANTS OF THE FREE WORLD
IN THIS LOCALITY! AND WAIT
FOR ME TO ARRIVE
BEFORE DOING
ANYTHING!

ACH!
DAS IS A
GOODT PLAN!
DER BOMB VILL
STRIKE SOON...HE
FEARS NOTHING!



SHORTLY,
AS HENDRICK-
SON GUARDS
THE
VITAL
FREE
WORLD
MUNITIONS
PLANT
HE HAS
GOOD
REASON
TO USE
THE
SPECIAL
BELT
RADIO
OF THE
BLACK-
HAWKS!

DONNER-
WETTER!
DER DOG
IS HERE,
MEN!
QUVICK!

COMING,
HENDRICKSON!

I BAN
MOVE
QUICK!

GOLLYS
CHEE!



MINUTES AFTERWARD, THE GANG IS ASSEMBLED...
BUT BLACKHAWK GIVES A STRANGE ORDER!

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT...
HE'S AFTER THE SECRET
FORMULA FOR THE NEW
TYPE SHELL WE'VE
DEVELOPED! TAKE
COVER, GANG! I'M
GOING IN ALONE...
THAT'S AN ORDER!

SACRE...
MON AMIS!
YOU WILL BE
KILLED!

B-BLACK-
HAWK! AT
LEAST YOU'LL
HAVE A
BETTER CHANCE
WITH US!



BLACKHAWK



SORRY, MEN... AN ORDER IT IS! ... **BOMB!** I'M COMING AFTER YOU!

BLACK-HAWK? YOU DARE CHALLENGE ME! **FOOL!**



WHA...? YOU SEEK TO THREATEN ME WITH A ... **GRENADE!**

THAT'S RIGHT, **BLOCKBUSTER!** I FIGURE THERE'S ENOUGH EXPLOSIVE POWER IN HERE TO BLOW **EVEN YOU** TO SMITHEREENS! I'LL GO WITH YOU ... IT'S WORTH THE SACRIFICE!



Then, AS **BLACKHAWK** HURLS THE GRENADE...

NO! NO! YIIIIII!

HAWKAA!

THIS IS IT, **BOMB!**



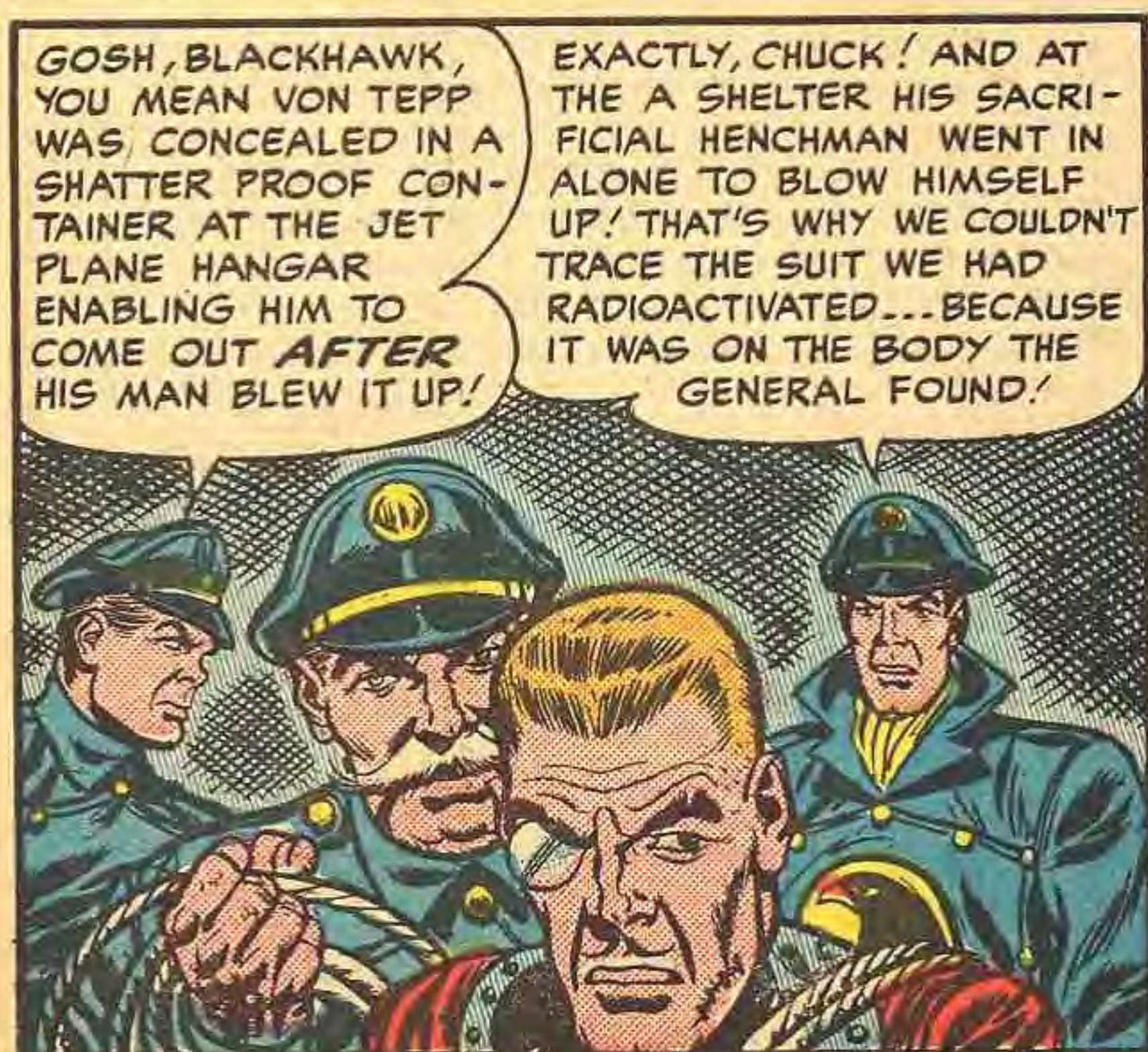
T-THE GRENADE! STOP IT! STOP IT!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT GRENADE... IT'S A **DUD!**



AND YOU'RE A DUD, ALSO, **BOMB!** YOU NEVER DID BLOW YOUR BOMBS... YOU HAD TWO SLAVE ACCOMPLICES DO IT FOR YOU ... BLIND DEVOTEES OF COMMUNISM WHO SACRIFICED THEMSELVES FOR THE "CAUSE"! REMOVE HIS HEADGEAR, **ANDRE!**

SACRE BLEU! IT'S **VON TEPP**... OUR OLD ENEMY, THE ARCH COMMUNIST SABOTEUR!



GOSH, **BLACKHAWK**, YOU MEAN **VON TEPP** WAS CONCEALED IN A SHATTER PROOF CONTAINER AT THE JET PLANE HANGAR ENABLING HIM TO COME OUT **AFTER** HIS MAN BLEW IT UP!

EXACTLY, **CHUCK!** AND AT THE A SHELTER HIS SACRIFICIAL HENCHMAN WENT IN ALONE TO BLOW HIMSELF UP! THAT'S WHY WE COULDN'T TRACE THE SUIT WE HAD RADIOACTIVATED... BECAUSE IT WAS ON THE BODY THE GENERAL FOUND!



YOU SEE, HIS MEN CREATED A SCARE FRAUD BY KILLING THEMSELVES! **VON TEPP** COULD LOOT VITAL MILITARY SECRETS AFTERWARD WITHOUT FEAR OF BEING SHOT BECAUSE HE WAS A **HUMAN BOMB!** HOWEVER, I COULDN'T BE **POSITIVE** THIS WAS THE CASE AND I REASONED ONLY MY LIFE SHOULD BE RISKED PROVING IT!

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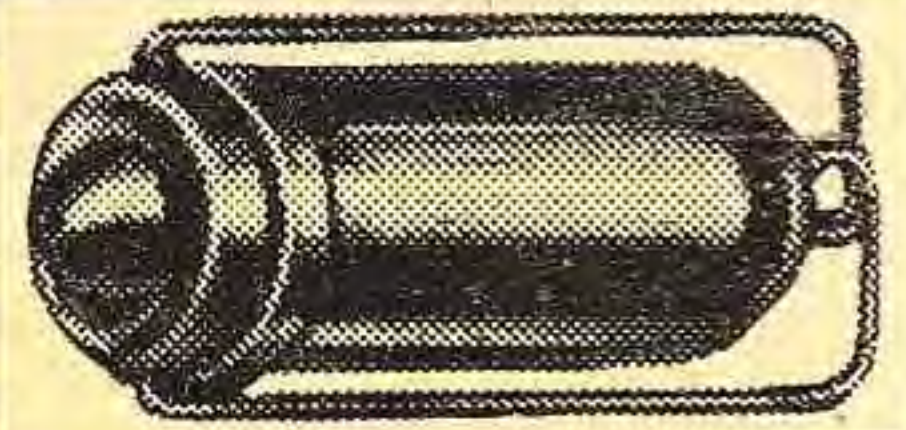
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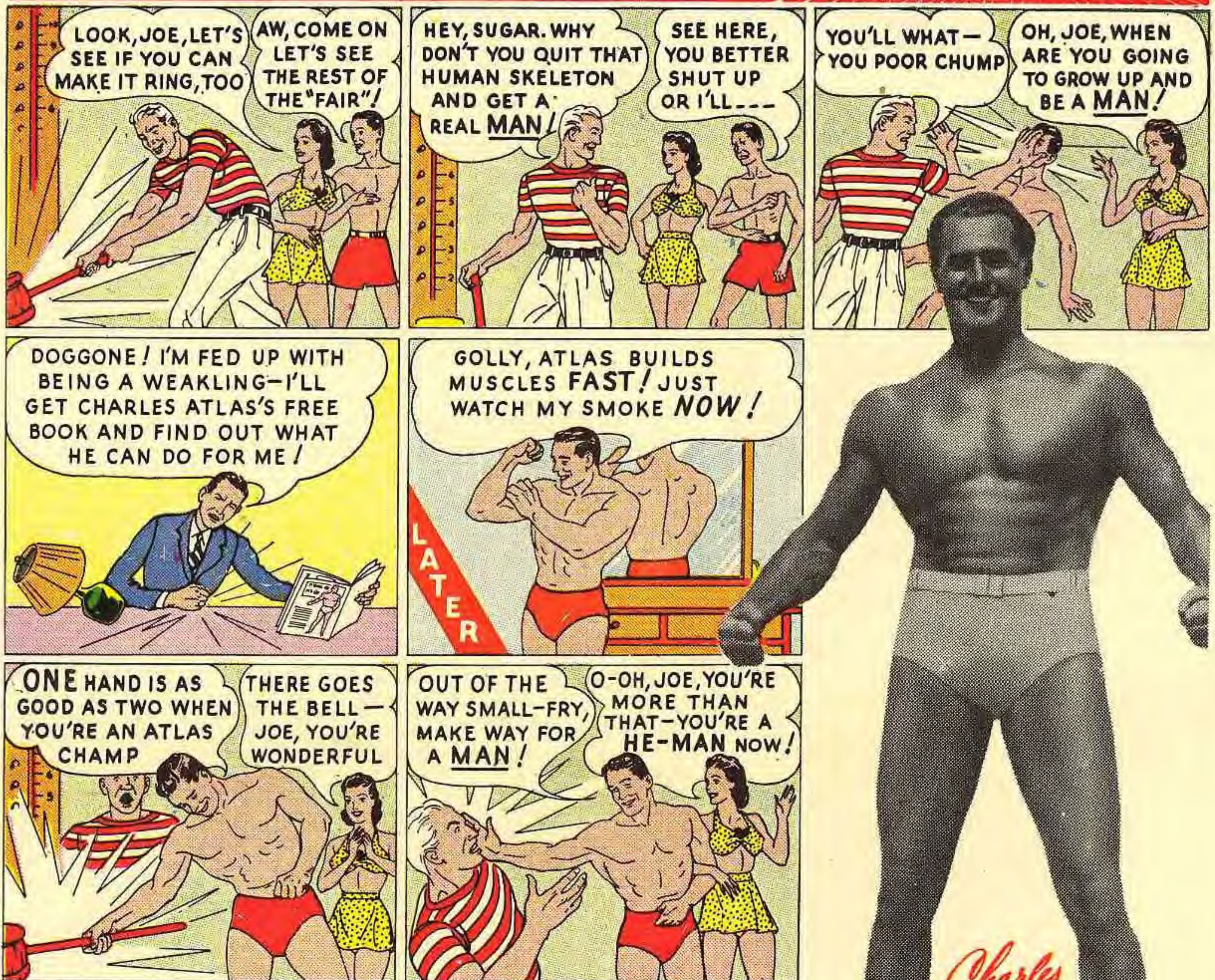
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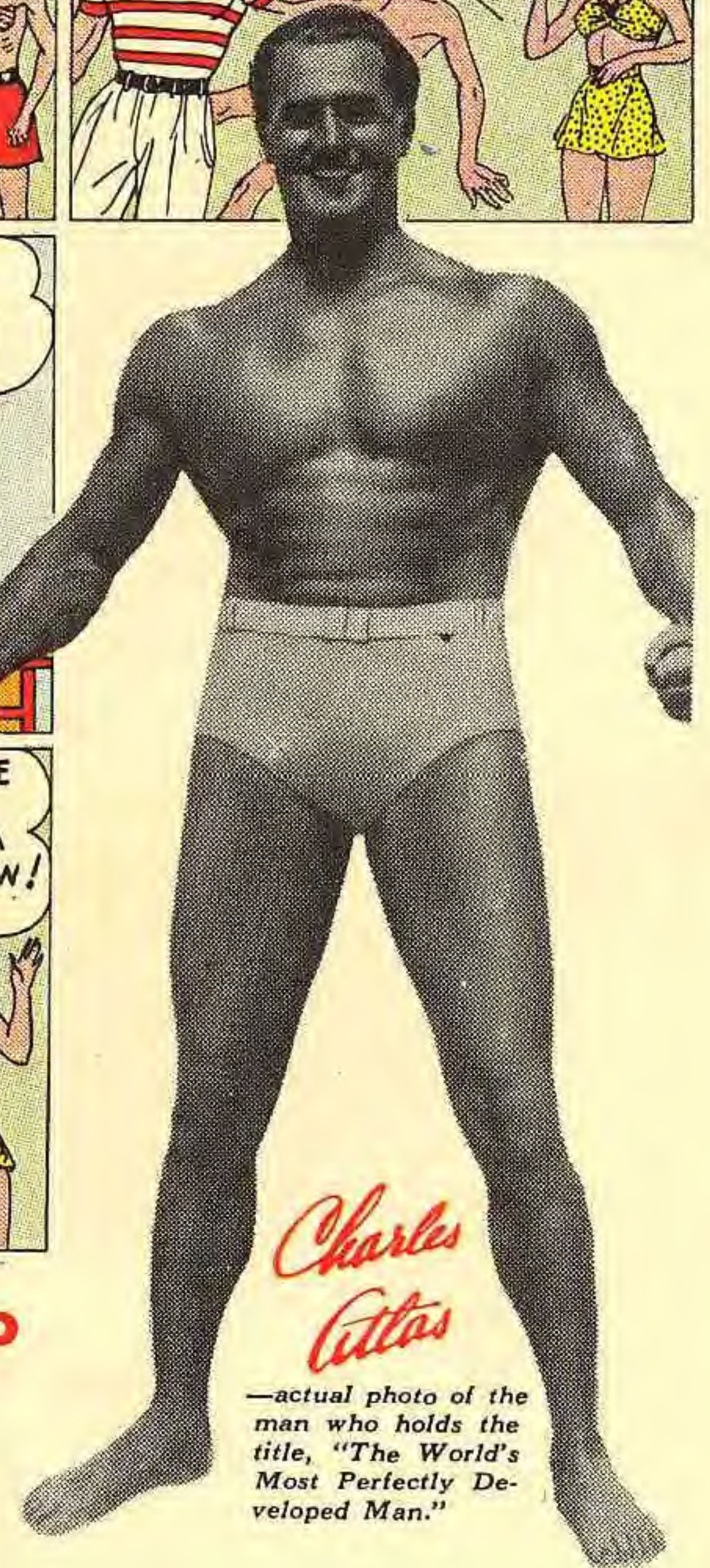
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Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

5/25/53